THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

EDITED BY
A·R·BRUBACHER
AND
JANE·L·JONES

BOOK FOUR

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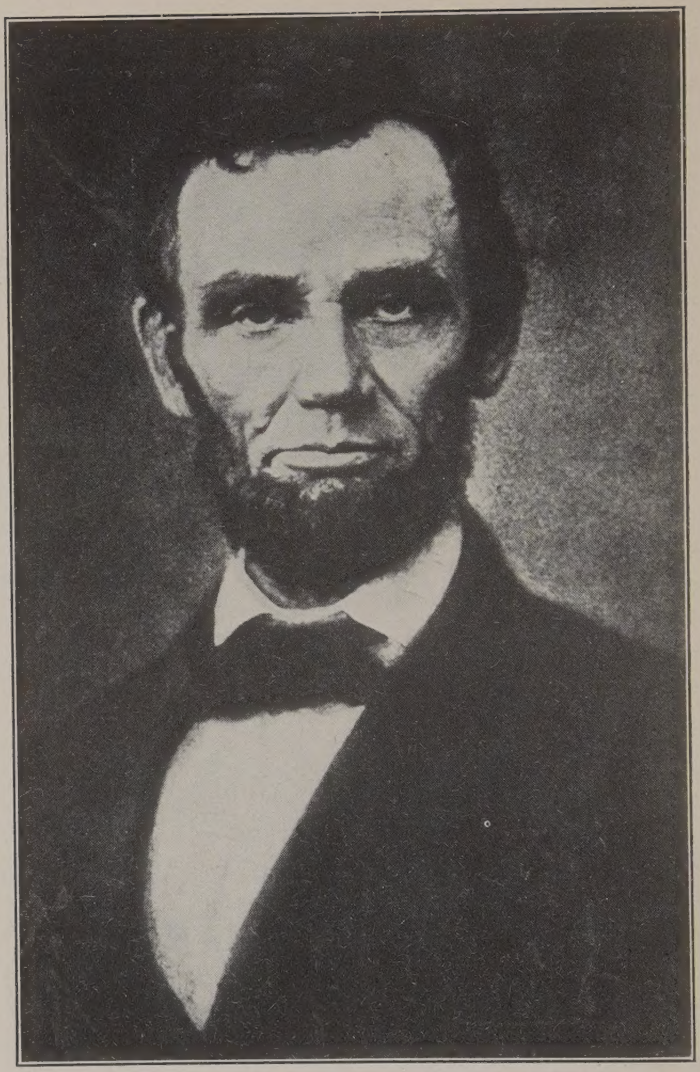

Abraham Lincoln, Who Preserved the Union

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

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BOOK FOUR

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PREFACE

AMERICANISM continues in Book Four to be the fundamental note. All the material here presented reflects more or less directly the American qualities of heroism, service, bravery, brotherhood, and the passion for freedom. It is possible, however, with these older boys and girls, to present more distinctive phases of the American spirit as exemplified in the deeds of men who rose to eminence in various periods and different emergencies. Under *The Nation Free* are now grouped those passionate strivings after liberty which attended the early history of the country; under *The Nation's Growth* is given the literature of heroism and devotion to duty based on the deeds of the pioneers who developed our great western domain as well as of those who developed our mental and spiritual resources; *The Nation's Test* presents the period of the Civil War when the strength of the Union was sorely tried and the cause of liberty put to the test; *The Comradeship of Nations* groups the recent literature of international friendship; and

Service of the Nation collects material that tries to glorify the highest type of citizenship. The whole, we hope, will present a composite of true Americanism.

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Abram Royer Brubacher
Jane Louise Jones

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THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA

BOOK FOUR

THE NATION FREE

TRUE LIBERTY

People talk of Liberty as if it meant the liberty to do just what a man likes. I call that man free who is able to rule himself. I call him free who fears doing wrong, but fears nothing else. I call that man free who has learned the most blessed of all truths—that liberty consists in obedience to the power, and to the will, and to the law that his higher soul reverences and approves. He is not free because he does what he likes; but he is free because he does what he ought, and there is no protest in his soul against that doing.

Some people think there is no liberty in obedience. I tell you that there is no liberty except in loyal obedience—the obedience of the unconstrained affections. Did you ever see a mother kept at home, a kind of prisoner, by her sick child, obeying its every wish and caprice? Will you call that mother a slave? Or is this

the obedience of slavery? I call it the obedience of the highest liberty—that of love.

We hear a great deal in these days respecting the right of private judgment, the rights of labor, the rights of property, and the rights of man. Rights are grand things, divine things, in this world of God's; but the way in which we expound those rights, alas! seems to be the very incarnation of selfishness. I can see nothing very noble in a man who is forever going about calling for his rights. I can not see anything manly in the ferocious struggle between rich and poor—the one to take as much, and the other to keep as much, as he can. The cry of "my rights and your duties," we should change to something nobler. If we can say, "my duties and your rights," we shall learn what real liberty is.

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

MINUTE-MEN

THE minute-men were one of the characteristic products of the struggle for American liberty. It is necessary for a free people to maintain their honor and they must prepare themselves to defend the honor of their country at a minute's

notice. Autocracies have maintained themselves by large mercenary forces, by professional soldiers always under arms. But a democracy is its own army and that army is an army of minute-men—always prepared to do battle for freedom and right. The shield of the minute-man is ever ready. His sword is never sheathed in the presence of oppression.

The American colonists became increasingly dissatisfied with laws forced on them by the home-land. Taxes were levied on numerous articles, each tax being more objectionable than the other, until all taxation by a parliament in which the colonists were not represented became offensive. These early colonists had come to America to be free, to determine their own form of government. They had endured many hardships and suffered much at the hands of the Indians. Should an overseas parliament now legislate for them? Should they provide revenue for a government in which they had no voice?

The conflict of interests became acute in 1770, and the colonists saw that they must defend their rights against meddling overseas powers. It was natural to organize a citizen soldiery. There was no place in their plans for hired soldiers, but every man must be ready, always prepared, to serve the common need. Out of

this emergency arose the organization of the minute-men. The Continental Congress, sitting in Philadelphia, passed an act on November 23, 1774, authorizing the organization of a militia under the name of "Minute-men," and Massachusetts alone had 16,000 men so enrolled. And they were prepared with arms and ammunition at a moment's notice to become effective defenders of liberty though the call should come in the midst of peaceful industry.

The farmers of Massachusetts were occupied with spring farm work in April, 1775, when word came that the regiments of British soldiers quartered in Boston would try to seize the two patriot leaders, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, and to destroy the military stores at Concord. The word was spread through the country by messengers on horseback. Every farmer, every citizen in village and country, took down his flintlock and his ammunition pouch and hurried to the village center. In a minute the plow stood still, the mill was deserted, while fathers and sons took their places in the ranks as soldiers.

Soon the advance guard of the British soldiers reached Lexington where they found fifty minute-men lined up on the village green. "Disperse, ye rebels," said the officer in charge.

Being freemen they stood their ground. The order to fire was then given and eight minute-men lay dead on the common. Adams and Hancock escaped. As they fled they heard the crack of rifles, which led Adams to remark, "What a glorious morning is this."

The small band of patriots dispersed, but only to rally by the hundreds in a stubborn attack on the invaders. The minute-men of eastern Massachusetts were true to their name.

The British commander did two things. He sent to Boston for reënforcements; and he led his advance guard on to Concord to destroy the stores. By the time they reached Concord fully four hundred minute-men were prepared to meet them. At Concord bridge an attack was made and the British retreated. They started back toward Lexington but the minute-men were everywhere along the route. Every tree and rock protected a patriot. The soldiers marched in ranks while the minute-men attacked from every side. The retreat was very rapid so that the British soldiers who survived fell exhausted in the hollow square of soldiers formed by the reënforcements which had reached Lexington. This was new and modern warfare for the British. For the minute-men it was a first realization of power.

The retreat from Lexington to Boston was equally disastrous to the British. The minute-men were everywhere. The British regulars left their wounded behind and sought safety in flight. The British regulars were routed by peaceful, untrained, but ready patriots, the minute-men of Liberty. The loss inflicted by the militia was three times as great as their own.

> By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
> Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
> Here once the embattled farmers stood,
> And fired the shot heard round the world.

The minute-man is the embodiment of the spirit of America. He is the answer to all doubts about democracy as a safe form of government. The minute-man is the ready man, ready to serve his country, ready to repel foreign foe and domestic traitor, ready to relieve and to succor those in distress, ready to do a citizen's full part in a free nation.

But Americans of the twentieth century must remember that the minute-man is prepared. The colonial minute-man had his gun and ammunition at hand and knew how to use it. He was familiar with Indian warfare which had taught each man an effective kind of tactics, very effective during the war for liberty. The minute-man of to-day must be similarly pre-

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The Minute Man Statue at Concord

pared to repel attacks on his freedom. He must be physically fit; he must know how to take care of his health under conditions of war; he must know how to use modern weapons of offense and defense as the colonial minute-man knew the use of the flintlock; he must learn team play; and he must develop his best power of initiative.

The ideal minute-man is the free citizen in peaceful pursuits, harnessing our mechanical forces, developing our resources, bringing comfort and happiness to his fellow citizens; he is the knight errant of democracy ever jousting against injustice and oppression; he is a bringer of peace, the preserver of peace. But he is jealous of his country's honor and willing to lay down his life in defense of home and country. Hail to the minute-men of America!

UNION AND LIBERTY*

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,

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Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AMERICA FOR ME*

Henry Van Dyke is a preacher, teacher, poet, diplomat. He is first a patriot. As Minister to Netherlands and Luxemburg during the early years of the World War he contributed largely to the relief of the Belgians. During the later years of the war he was Chaplain in the United States Navy.

'TIS fine to see the Old World, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the kings—
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again, and there I long to be,

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In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town, there's power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair;
And it's sweet to dream in Venice, and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled;
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack:
The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.

But the glory of the Present is to make the
Future free—
We love our land for what she is and what she is
to be.
Oh, it's home again, and home again, America
for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough
the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond
the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag
is full of stars.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

Joseph Warren, whose brave spirit is celebrated in these stanzas, was one of the great Revolutionary leaders in Massachusetts and was made a major-general in the Continental Army. He was killed at the Battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

JOHN PIERPONT.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE

My Dearest: I am now set down to write to you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern, and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defense of the American cause shall be put under my care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston to take upon me the command of it.

You may believe me, my dear Patsy, when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose. You might, and I suppose did perceive, from the tenor of my letters, that I was apprehensive I could not

avoid this appointment, as I did not pretend to intimate when I should return. That was the case. It was utterly out of my power to refuse this appointment without exposing my character to such censures as would have reflected dishonor upon myself, and given pain to my friends. This, I am sure, could not, and ought not, to be pleasing to you, and must have lessened me considerably in my own esteem. I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as possible. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen. My earnest and ardent desire is, that you would pursue any plan that is most likely to produce content and a tolerable degree of tranquillity; as it must add greatly to my uneasy feelings to hear that you are dissatisfied or complaining at what I really could not avoid.

As life is always uncertain, and common prudence dictates to every man the necessity of

The Elm in Cambridge, Massachusetts, Under Which Washington Took Command of the American Army

settling his temporal concerns while it is in his power, and while the mind is calm and undisturbed, I have, since I came to this place (for I had not time to do it before I left home), got Colonel Pendleton to draft a will for me, by the directions I gave him, which I will now enclose. The provision made for you in case of my death, will, I hope, be agreeable.

I shall add nothing more, as I have several letters to write, but to desire that you will remember me to your friends, and to assure you that I am, with the most unfeigned regard, my dear Patsy, your affectionate, &c.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON TO HIS TROOPS

This address was delivered before the Battle of Long Island, in 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness, from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will

now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us then rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for Liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honor are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us, only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by

show and appearance; but, remember, they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A PATRIOT'S ANSWER

This letter was written May 22, 1782, in answer to a letter from Colonel Lewis Nicola, who suggested that Washington make himself king of America.

SIR: With a mixture of great surprise and astonishment, I have read with attention the sentiments you have submitted to my perusal. Be assured, Sir, no occurrence in the course of the war has given me more painful sensations than your information of there being such ideas existing in the army, as you have expressed, and I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. For the present, the communication of them will rest in my own bosom, unless some

further agitation of the matter shall make a disclosure necessary.

I am much at loss to conceive what part of my conduct could have given encouragement to an address, which to me seems big with the greatest mischiefs that can befall my country. If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable. At the same time, in justice to my own feelings, I must add that no man possesses a more sincere wish to see ample justice done to the army than I do; and, as far as my power and influence, in a constitutional way, extend, they shall be employed to the utmost of my abilities to effect it, should there be an occasion. Let me conjure you, then, if you have any regard for your country, concern for yourself or posterity, or respect for me, to banish these thoughts from your mind, and never communicate, as from yourself or any one else, a sentiment of the like nature.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

ONE OF THE SIGNERS*

For in that hour of destiny,
Which tried the men of bravest stock,
He knew the end alone must be
A free land or a traitor's block.

Not for their hearths and homes alone,
But for the world their work was done;
On all the winds their thought was flown
Through all the circuit of the sun.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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LIBERTY OR DEATH

Patrick Henry was a native of Virginia. At a Provincial Convention in March, 1775, he introduced resolutions to the effect that the colony prepare for war with England. When these met with opposition, he secured their unanimous adoption by this spirited address.

MR. PRESIDENT: It is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty?

Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past. . . .

Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely

to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained, we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us.

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active,

the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat, sir, let it come!

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace; but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but, as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

MARION, THE SWAMP-FOX*

OUR story takes us back to the summer of 1780, a summer of war, suffering, and outrage in the states of the South. General Gates, at the

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Patrick Henry Delivering His Famous Speech Before the House of Burgesses

head of the army of the South, was marching toward Camden, South Carolina, filled with inflated hopes of meeting and defeating Cornwallis. How this hopeful general was himself defeated, and how, in consequence, the whole country south of Virginia fell under British control, history relates; we are not here concerned with it.

Gates's army had crossed the Pedee River and was pushing southward. During its march a circumstance occurred which gave great amusement to the trim soldiery. There joined the army a volunteer detachment of about twenty men, who were a mosaic of whites and blacks, with tattered clothes and meager equipment. At the head of this motley array was a small-sized, thin-faced, modest-looking man, his uniform superior to that of his men, but no model of neatness, yet with a flashing spirit in his eye that admonished the amused soldiers not to laugh at his men in his presence. Behind his back they laughed enough. The Pedee volunteers were a source of ridicule to the well-clad Continentals that might have caused trouble had not the officers used every effort to repress it.

As for Gates, he offered no welcome to this ragged squad. The leader modestly offered him some advice about the military condition of the

South, but the general in command was clothed in too dense an armor of conceit to be open to advice from any quarter. He was glad enough to get rid of him by sending him on a scouting expedition in advance of the army, to watch the enemy and report his movements.

This service precisely suited him to whom it was given, for this small, non-intrusive personage was no less a man than Francis Marion, then but little known, but destined to become the Robin Hood of partisan warriors, the celebrated "Swamp-Fox" of historical romance and romantic history.

Marion had appeared with the title of colonel. He left the army with the rank of general. Governor Rutledge, who was present, knew him and his worth, gave him a brigadier's commission, and authorized him to enlist a brigade for guerilla work in the swamps and forests of the State.

Thus raised in rank, Marion marched away with his motley crew of followers, they doubtless greatly elevated in dignity to feel that they had a general at their head. The army indulged in a broad laugh, after they had gone, at Marion's miniature brigade of scarecrows. They laughed at the wrong man, for after their proud array was broken and scattered to the winds, and the region they had marched to relieve had become

the prey of the enemy, that modest partisan alone was to keep alive the fire of liberty in South Carolina, and so annoy the victors that in the end they hardly dared show their faces out of their forts. The Swamp-Fox was to pave the way for the reconquest of the South by the brave General Greene.

No long time elapsed before Marion increased his disreputable score to a brigade of more respectable proportions, with which he struck such quick and telling blows from all sides on the British and Tories, that no nest of hornets could have more dismayed a marauding party of boys. The swamps of the Pedee were his headquarters. In their interminable and thicket-hidden depths he found hiding-places in abundance, and from them he made rapid darts, north, south, east, and west, making his presence felt wherever he appeared, and flying back to shelter before his pursuers could overtake him. His corps was constantly changing, now swelling, now shrinking, now little larger than his original ragged score, now grown to a company of a hundred or more in dimensions. It was always small. The swamps could not furnish shelter and food for any large body of men.

Marion's headquarters were at Snow's Is-

land, at the point where Lynch's Creek joins the Pedee River. This was a region of high river-swamp, thickly forested, and abundantly supplied with game. The camp was on dry land, but around it spread broad reaches of wet thicket and canebrake whose paths were known only to the partisans, and their secrets sedulously preserved. As regards the mode of life here of Marion and his men, there is an anecdote which will picture it better than pages of description.

A young British officer was sent from Georgetown to treat with Marion for an exchange of prisoners. The Swamp-Fox fully approved of the interview, being ready enough to rid himself of his captives, who were a burden on his hands. But he was too shrewd to lay bare the ways that led to his camp. The officer was blindfolded, and led by devious paths through canebrake, thicket, and forest to the hidden camp. On the removal of the bandage from his eyes he looked about him with admiration and surprise. He found himself in a scene worthy of Robin Hood's woodland band. Above him spread the boughs of magnificent trees, laden with drooping moss, and hardly letting a ray of sunlight through their crowding foliage. Around him rose their massive trunks, like the columns of some vast cathedral. On the grassy or moss-clad ground

sat or lay groups of hardy-looking men, no two of them dressed alike, and with none of the neat appearance of uniformed soldiers. More remote were their horses, cropping the short herbage in equine contentment. It looked like a camp of forest outlaws, jovial tenants of the merry greenwood.

The surprise of the officer was not lessened when his eyes fell on Marion, whom he had never seen before. It may be that he expected to gaze on a burly giant. As it was, he could scarcely believe that this diminutive, quiet-looking man and this handful of ill-dressed and lounging followers were the celebrated band who had thrown the whole British power in the South into alarm.

Marion addressed him, and a conference ensued in which their business was quickly arranged to their mutual satisfaction.

"And now, my dear sir," said Marion, "I should be glad to have you dine with me. You have fasted during your journey, and will be the better for a woodland repast."

"With pleasure," replied the officer. "It will be a new and pleasant experience."

He looked around him. Where was the dining room? where, at least, the table on which their mid-day repast was to be spread? Where

were the dishes and the other paraphernalia which civilization demands as the essentials of a modern dinner?—Where? His eyes found no answer to this mental question. Marion looked at him with a smile.

"We dine here in simple style, captain," he remarked. "Pray be seated."

He took his seat on a mossy log, and pointed to an opposite one for the officer. A minute or two afterward the camp purveyor made his appearance, bearing a large piece of bark on which smoked some roasted sweet potatoes. They came from a fire of brushwood blazing at a distance.

"Help yourself, captain," said Marion, taking a swollen and brown-coated potato from the impromptu platter, breaking it in half, and beginning to eat with a forest appetite.

The officer looked at the viands and at his host with eyes of wonder.

"Surely, general," he exclaimed, "this cannot be your ordinary fare?"

"Indeed it is," said Marion. "And we are fortunate, on this occasion, having company to entertain, to have more than our usual allowance."

The officer had little more to say. He helped himself to the rural viands, which he ate with

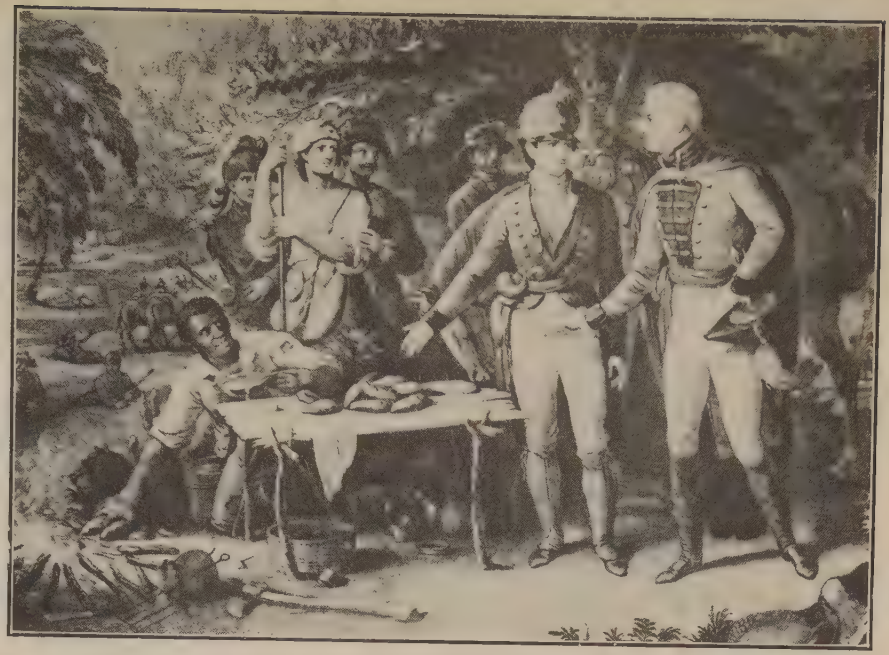
thought for salt. On returning to Georgetown he gave in his report, and then tendered his commission to his superior officer, saying that a people who could fight on roots for fare could not be, and ought not to be, subdued, and that he, for one, would not serve against them.

Of the exploits of Marion we can but speak briefly; they were too many to be given in detail. His blows were so sharply dealt, in such quick succession, and at such remote points, that his foes were puzzled, and could hardly believe that a single band was giving them all this trouble. Their annoyance culminated in their sending one of their best cavalry leaders, Colonel Wemyss, to surprise and crush the Swamp-Fox, then far from his hiding-place. Wemyss got on Marion's trail, and pursued him with impetuous haste. But the wary patriot was not to be easily surprised, nor would he fight where he had no chance to win. Northward he swiftly made his way, through swamps and across deep streams into North Carolina. Wemyss lost his trail, found it, lost it again, and finally, discouraged and revengeful, turned back and desolated the country from which he had driven its active defender, and which was looked on as the hotbed of rebellion.

Marion, who had but sixty men in his band,

halted the moment pursuit ceased, sent out scouts for information, and in a very short time was back in the desolated district. The people rushed, with horse and rifle, to his ranks. Swiftly he sped to the Black Mingo, below Georgetown, and here fell at midnight on a large body of Tories, with such vigor and success that the foe were almost annihilated, while Marion lost but a single man.

The devoted band now had a short period of rest, the British being discouraged and depressed. Then Tarleton, the celebrated hard-riding marauder, took upon himself the difficult task of crushing the Swamp-Fox. He scoured the country, spreading ruin as he went, but all his skill and impetuosity were useless in the effort to overtake Marion. The patriot leader was not even to be driven from his chosen region of operations, and he managed to give his pursuer some unwelcome reminders of his presence. At times Tarleton would be within a few miles of him, and full of hope of overtaking him before the next day's dawn. But, while he was thus lulled to security, Marion would be watching him from the shadows of some dark morass, and at midnight the British rear or flank would feel the sharp bite of the Swamp-Fox's teeth. In the end, Tarleton withdrew discomfited from the



Marion, the Swamp Fox, Inviting the British Officer to Dinner

pursuit, with more hard words against this fellow, who "would not fight like a gentleman or a Christian," than he had ever been able to give him hard blows.

Tarleton withdrawn, Marion resumed all his old activity, his audacity reaching the extent of making an attack on the British garrison at Georgetown. This was performed in conjunction with Major Lee, who had been sent by General Greene to Marion's aid. Lee had no little trouble to find him. The active partisan was so constantly moving about, now in deep swamps, now far from his lurking-places, that friend and foe alike were puzzled to trace his movements. They met at last, however, and made a midnight attack on Georgetown, unsuccessful, as it proved, yet sufficient to redouble the alarm of the enemy.

CHARLES MORRIS.

THE NATION'S GROWTH

A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER*

Hamlin Garland was born in 1860 in West Salem, Wisconsin. He has lived most of his life in the Middle West and has written many tales of Western life.

Home from the War

All of this universe known to me in the year 1864 was bounded by the wooded hills of a little Wisconsin coulée, and its center was the cottage in which my mother was living alone—my father was in the war.

It is Sunday afternoon and my mother and her three children, Frank, Harriet, and I (all in our best dresses) are visiting the Widow Green, our nearest neighbor, a plump, jolly woman whom we greatly love. The house swarms with stalwart men and buxom women and we are all sitting around the table heaped with the remains of a harvest feast. The women are "telling fortunes" by means of tea-grounds. Mrs. Green is the

*Selections from "A Son of the Middle Border," by Hamlin Garland. Used by permission of and special arrangement with The Macmillan Company.

seeress. After shaking the cup with the grounds at the bottom, she turns it bottom side up in a saucer. Then whirling it three times to the right and three times to the left, she lifts it and silently studies the position of the leaves which cling to the sides of the cup, what time we all wait in breathless suspense for her first word.

"A soldier is coming to you!" she says to my mother. "See," and she points into the cup. We all crowd near, and I perceive a leaf with a stem sticking up from its body like a bayonet over a man's shoulder. "He is almost home," the widow goes on. Then with sudden dramatic turn she waves her hand toward the road, "Heavens and earth!" she cries. "There's Richard now!"

We all turn and look toward the road, and there, indeed, is a soldier with a musket on his back, wearily plodding his way up the low hill just north of the gate. He is too far away for mother to call, and besides I think she must have been a little uncertain, for he did not so much as turn his head toward the house. Trembling with excitement she hurries little Frank into his wagon and telling Hattie to bring me, sets off up the road as fast as she can draw the baby's cart. It all seems a dream to me and I move dumbly, almost stupidly like one in a mist. . . .

We did not overtake the soldier, that is evident, for my next vision is that of a blue-coated figure leaning upon the fence, studying with intent gaze our empty cottage. I cannot, even now, precisely divine why he stood thus, sadly contemplating his silent home—but so it was. His knapsack lay at his feet, his musket was propped against a post on whose top a cat was dreaming, unmindful of the warrior and his folded hands.

He did not hear us until we were close upon him, and even after he turned, my mother hesitated, so thin, so hollow-eyed, so changed was he. "Richard, is that you?" she quaveringly asked.

His worn face lighted up. His arms rose. "Yes, Belle! Here I am," he answered.

Nevertheless though he took my mother in his arms, I could not relate him to the father I had heard so much about. To me he was only a strange man with big eyes and care-worn face. I did not recognize in him anything I had ever known, but my sister, who was two years older than I, went to his bosom of her own motion. She knew him, whilst I submitted to his caresses rather for the reason that my mother urged me forward than because of any affection I felt for him. Frank, however, would not even permit a

kiss. The gaunt and grizzled stranger terrified him.

"Come here, my little man," my father said—"*My little man!*" Across the space of half a century I can still hear the sad reproach in his voice. "Won't you come and see your poor old father when he comes home from the war?"

"My little man!" How significant that phrase seems to me now! The war had in very truth come between this patriot and his sons. I had forgotten him—the baby had never known him.

Frank crept beneath the rail fence and stood there, well out of reach, like a cautious kitten warily surveying an alien dog. At last the soldier stooped and drawing from his knapsack a big red apple, held it toward the staring babe, confidently calling, "Now, I guess he'll come to his poor old pap home from the war."

The mother apologized. "He doesn't know you, Dick. How could he? He was only nine months old when you went away. He'll go to you by and by."

The babe crept slowly toward the shining lure. My father caught him despite his kicking, and hugged him close. "Now I've got you," he exulted.

Then we all went into the little front room and the soldier laid off his heavy army shoes. My

mother brought a pillow to put under his head, and so at last he stretched out on the floor the better to rest his tired, aching bones, and there I joined him.

"Oh, Belle!" he said, in tones of utter content. "This is what I've dreamed about a million times."

Frank and I grew each moment more friendly and soon began to tumble over him while mother hastened to cook something for him to eat. He asked for "hot biscuits and honey and plenty of coffee."

That was a mystic hour—and yet how little I can recover it! The afternoon glides into evening while the soldier talks, and at last we all go out to the barn to watch mother milk the cow. I hear him ask about the crops, the neighbors. The sunlight passes. Mother leads the way back to the house. My father follows carrying little Frank in his arms.

He is a "strange man" no longer. Each moment his voice sinks deeper into my remembrance. He is my father—that I feel ringing through the dim halls of my consciousness. Harriet clings to his hand in perfect knowledge and confidence. We eat our bread and milk, the trundle-bed is pulled out, we children clamber in, and I go to sleep to the music of his

resonant voice recounting the story of the battles he had seen and the marches he had made.

My father who had bought his farm "on time," just before the war, could not enlist among the first volunteers, though he was deeply moved to do so, till his land was paid for—but at last in 1863, on the very day that he made the last payment on the mortgage, he put his name down on the roll and went back to his wife, a soldier.

I have heard my mother say that this was one of the darkest moments of her life and if you think about it you will understand the reason why. My sister was only five years old, I was three, and Frank was a babe in the cradle. Broken-hearted at the thought of the long separation, and scared by visions of battle, my mother begged the soldier not to go; but he was of the stern stuff which makes patriots—and besides his name was already on the roll, therefore he went away to join Grant's army at Vicksburg.

My conscious memory holds nothing of my mother's agony of waiting, nothing of the dark days when the baby was ill and the doctor far away—but into my sub-conscious ear her voice sank, and the words *Grant*, *Lincoln*, *Sherman*,

"*furlough*," "*mustered out*," ring like bells, deep-toned and vibrant.

Thus it happened that my first impressions of life were martial, and my training military, for my father brought back from his two years' campaigning under Sherman and Thomas the temper and the habit of a soldier.

He became naturally the dominant figure in my horizon, and his scheme of discipline impressed itself almost at once upon his children.

I suspect that we had fallen into rather free and easy habits under mother's government, for she was too jolly, too tender-hearted, to engender fear in us even when she threatened us with a switch or a shingle. We soon learned, however, that the soldier's promise of punishment was swift and precise in its fulfillment. We seldom presumed a second time on his forgetfulness or tolerance. We knew he loved us, for he often took us to his knees of an evening and told us stories of marches and battles, or chanted war-songs for us, but the moments of his tenderness were few and his fondling did not prevent him from almost instant use of the rod if he thought either of us needed it.

His own boyhood had been both hard and short. Born of farmer folk in Oxford County, Maine, his early life had been spent on the soil

Early Days on the Middle Border

in and about Lock's Mills with small chance of schooling. Later, as a teamster, and finally as shipping clerk for Amos Lawrence, he had enjoyed three mightily improving years in Boston. He loved to tell of his life there, and it is indicative of his character to say that he dwelt with special joy and pride on the actors and orators he had heard.

He was a vivid and concise story-teller and his words brought to us (sometimes all too clearly) the tragic happenings of the battle-fields of Atlanta and Nashville. To him Grant, Lincoln, Sherman, and Sheridan were among the noblest men of the world, and he would not tolerate any criticism of them.

Next to his stories of the war I think we loved best to have him picture "the pineries" of Wisconsin, for during his first years in the State he had been both lumberman and raftsman, and his memory held delightful tales of wolves and bears and Indians.

He often imitated the howls and growls and actions of the wild animals with startling realism, and his river narratives were full of unforgettable phrases like "the Jinny Bull Falls," "Old Moosinee," and "running the rapids."

He also told us how his father and mother came west by way of the Erie Canal, and in a

steamer on the Great Lakes, of how they landed in Milwaukee with Susan, their twelve-year-old daughter, sick with the smallpox; of how a farmer from Monticello carried them in his big farm wagon over the long road to their future home in Green County, and it was with deep emotion that he described the bitter reception they encountered in the village.

It appears that some of the citizens in a panic of dread were all for driving the Garlands out of town—then uprose old Hugh McClintock, big and gray as a grizzly bear, and put himself between the leader of the mob and its victims, and said: "You shall not lay hands upon them. Shame on ye!" And such was the power of his mighty arm and such the menace of his flashing eyes that no one went further with the plan of casting the newcomers into the wilderness.

Old Hugh established them in a lonely cabin on the edge of the village, and thereafter took care of them, nursing grandfather with his own hands until he was well. "And that's the way the McClintocks and the Garlands first joined forces," my father often said in ending the tale. "But the name of the man who carried your Aunt Susan in his wagon from Milwaukee to Monticello I never knew."

I cannot understand why that sick girl did

not die on that long journey over the rough roads of Wisconsin, and what it all must have seemed to my gentle New England grandmother I grieve to think about. Beautiful as the land undoubtedly was, such an experience should have shaken her faith in western men and western hospitality. But apparently it did not, for I never heard her allude to this experience with bitterness.

In addition to this military character, Dick Garland also carried with him the odor of the pine forest and exhibited the skill and training of a forester, for in those early days, even at the time when I began to remember the neighborhood talk, nearly every young man who could get away from the farm or the village went north, in November, into the pine woods which covered the entire upper part of the State, and my father, who had been a raftsman and timber cruiser and pilot ever since his coming west, was deeply skilled with axe and steering oars. The lumberman's life at that time was rough but not vicious, for the men were nearly all of native American stock, and my father was none the worse for his winters in camp. He was called at this time, "Yankee Dick, the Pilot."

As a result of all these experiences in the woods, he was almost as much woodsman as

soldier in his talk, and the heroic life he had led made him very wonderful in my eyes. According to his account (and I have no reason to doubt it) he had been exceedingly expert in running a raft and could ride a canoe like a Chippewa. I remember hearing him very forcefully remark: "God forgot to make the man I could not follow."

He was deft with an axe, keen of perception, sure of hand and foot, and entirely capable of holding his own with any man of his weight. Amid much drinking he remained temperate, and strange to say never used tobacco in any form. While not a large man he was nearly six feet in height, deep-chested and sinewy, and of dauntless courage. The quality which defended him from attack was the spirit which flamed from his eagle-gray eyes. Terrifying eyes they were, at times, as I had many occasions to note.

As he gathered us all around his knee at night before the fire, he loved to tell us of riding the whirlpools of Big Bull Falls, or of how he lived for weeks on a raft with the water up to his knees (sleeping at night in his wet working clothes), sustained by the blood of youth and the spirit of adventure. His endurance even after his return from the war was marvelous, al-

though he walked a little bent and with a peculiar, measured swinging stride—the stride of Sherman's veterans.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE AMERICAN PIONEER*

This address was delivered at the opening of the Panama Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, February 20, 1915.

THE sculptors who have ennobled these buildings with their work have surely given full wing to their fancy in seeking to symbolize the tale which this exposition tells. Among these figures I have sought for one which would represent to me the significance of this great enterprise.

Prophets, priests, and kings are here, conquerors and mystical figures of ancient legend; but these do not speak the word I hear.

My eye is drawn to the least conspicuous of all—the modest figure of a man standing beside two oxen, which looks down upon the Court of the Nations, where East and West come face to face.

Towering above his gaunt figure is the canopy of his prairie schooner.

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Gay conquistadores ride beside him, and one must look hard to see this simple, plodding figure.

Yet that man is to me the one hero of this day.

Without him we would not be here.

Without him banners would not fly, nor bands play.

Without him San Francisco would not be today the gayest city of the globe.

Shall I tell you who he is, this key figure in the arch of our enterprise?

That slender, dauntless, plodding, modest figure is the American pioneer.

To me he is, indeed, far more: he is the adventurous spirit of our restless race.

Long ago he set sail with Ulysses. But Ulysses turned back.

He sailed again with Columbus for the Indies and heard with joy the quick command: "Sail on, sail on, and on." But the westward way was barred.

He landed at Plymouth Rock and with his dull-eyed oxen has made the long, long journey across our continent. His way has been hard, slow, momentous.

He made his path through soggy, sodden forests where the storms of a thousand years conspired to block his way.

He drank with delight of the brackish water where the wild beasts wallowed.

He trekked through the yielding, treacherous snows; forded swift-running waters; crept painfully through rocky gorges where Titans had been at play; clambered up mountain sides, the sport of avalanche and of slide; dared the limitless land without horizon; ground his teeth upon the bitter dust of the desert; fainted beneath the flail of the raw and ruthless sun; starved, thirsted, fought; was cast down but never broken; and he never turned back.

Here he stands at last beside this western sea, the incarnate soul of his insatiable race—the American pioneer.

Pity? He scorns it.

Glory? He does not ask it.

His sons and his daughters are scattered along the path he has come.

Each fence post tells where someone fell.

Each farm, brightened now with the first smile of spring, was once a battle-field, where men and women fought the choking horrors of starvation and isolation.

His is this one glory—he found the way; his the adventure.

It is life that he felt, life that compelled him.

That strange, mysterious thing that lifted

him out of the primeval muck and sent him climbing upward—that same strange thing has pressed him onward, held out new visions to his wondering eyes, and sung new songs into his welcoming ears.

And why?

In his long wandering he has had time to think.

He has talked with the stars, and they have taught him not to ask why.

He is here.

He has seated himself upon the golden sand of this distant shore and has said to himself that it is time for him to gather his sons about him that they may talk; that they may tell tales of things done.

Here on this stretch of shore he has built the outermost camp fire of his race and has gathered his sons that they may tell each other of the progress they have made—utter man's prayers, things done for man.

His sons are they who have cut these continents in twain, who have slashed God's world as with a knife, who have gleefully made the rebellious seas to lift man's ship across the barrier mountains of Panama.

This thing the sons of the pioneer have done—it is their prayer, a thing done for man.

Pioneer Railroad Builders in Camp

And here, too, these sons of the pioneer will tell of other things they do—how they fill the night with jeweled light conjured from the melting snows of the far-off mountains; how they talk together across the world in their own voices; how they baffle the eagles in their flight through the air and make their way within the spectral gloom of the soundless sea; how they reach into the heavens and draw down food out of the air to replenish the wasted earth; how with the touch of a knife they convert the sinner and with the touch of a stone dissolve disease.

These things and more have they done in these latter days, these sons of the pioneer.

And in their honor he has fashioned this beautiful city of dreams come true.

In their honor has he hung the heavens with flowers and added new stars to the night.

In blue and gold, in scarlet and purple, in the green of the shallow sea and the burnt brown of the summer hillside, he has made the architecture of the centuries to march before their eyes in column, colonnade, and court.

We have but to anchor his quaint, covered wagon to the soil and soon it rises transformed into the vane of some mighty cathedral.

For after all Rome and Rheims, Salisbury and Seville are not far memories to the pioneer.

Here, too, in this city of the new nation the pioneer has called together all his neighbors that we may learn one of the other.

We are to live together side by side for all time.

The seas are but a highway between the doorways of the nations.

We are to know eacn other and to grow in mutual understanding.

Perhaps strained nerves may sometimes fancy the gesture of the pioneer to be abrupt, and his voice we know has been hardened by the winter winds.

But his neighbors will soon come to know that he has no hatred in his heart, for he is without fear; that he is without envy, for none can add to his wealth.

The long journey of this slight, modest figure that stands beside the oxen is at an end.

The waste places of the earth have been found.

But adventure is not to end.

Here in his house will be taught the gospel of an advancing democracy—strong, valiant, confident, conquering—upborne and typified by the independent, venturesome spirit of that mystic materialist, the American pioneer.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

DANIEL BOONE*

Among the pioneer hunters one arose whose wanderings were to bear fruit; who was destined to lead through the wilderness the first body of settlers that ever established a community in the Far West, completely cut off from the seaboard colonies. This was Daniel Boone. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1734, but when only a boy had been brought with the rest of his family to the banks of the Yadkin in North Carolina. Here he grew up, and as soon as he came of age he married, built a log hut, and made a clearing whereon to farm like the rest of his backwoods neighbors. They all tilled their own clearings, guiding the plough among the charred stumps left when the trees were chopped down and the land burned over, and they were all, as a matter of course, hunters. With Boone hunting and exploration were passions, and the lonely life of the wilderness, with its bold, wild freedom, the only existence for which he really cared.

He was a tall, spare, sinewy man, with eyes like an eagle's, and muscles that never tired; the toil and hardship of his life made no impress on his iron frame, unhurt by intemperance of any

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kind, and he lived for eighty-six years, a backwoods hunter to the end of his days. His thoughtful, quiet, pleasant face, so often portrayed, is familiar to everyone. It was the face of a man who never blustered or bullied, who would neither inflict nor suffer any wrong, and who had a limitless fund of fortitude, endurance, and resolution. His self-command and patience, his daring, restless love of adventure, and in time of danger his absolute trust in his own powers and resources, all combined to render him peculiarly fitted to follow the career of which he was so fond.

Boone hunted on the Western waters at an early date. In the valley of Boone's Creek, a tributary of the Watauga, there is a beech tree still standing on which can be faintly traced an inscription setting forth that "D. Boone cilled a bar on (this) tree in the year 1760." On the expeditions of which this is the earliest record he was partly hunting on his own account and partly exploring on behalf of another, Richard Henderson. Henderson was a prominent citizen of North Carolina, a speculative man of great ambition and energy. He stood high in the colony, was extravagant and fond of display; and his fortune being jeopardized, he hoped to more than retrieve it by going into

speculations in Western lands on an unheard-of scale. He had great confidence in Boone; and it was his backing which enabled the latter to turn his discoveries to such good account.

Boone's claim to distinction rests not so much on his wide wanderings in unknown lands, for in this respect he did little more than was done by a hundred other backwoods hunters of his generation, but on the fact that he was able to turn his daring woodcraft to the advantage of his fellows. As he himself said, he was an instrument "ordained of God to settle the wilderness." He inspired confidence in all who met him, so that the men of means and influence were willing to trust adventurous enterprises to his care; and his success as an explorer, his skill as a hunter, and his prowess as an Indian fighter, enabled him to bring these enterprises to a successful conclusion, and in some degree to control the wild spirits associated with him.

Boone's expeditions into the edges of the wilderness whetted his appetite for the unknown. He had heard of great hunting-grounds in the far interior from a stray hunter and Indian trader, who had himself seen them, and on May 1, 1769, he left his home on the Yadkin "to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky." He was

accompanied by five other men, including his informant, and struck out toward the Northwest, through the tangled mass of rugged mountains and gloomy forests. During five weeks of severe toil the little band journeyed through vast solitudes, whose utter loneliness can with difficulty be understood by those who have not themselves dwelt and hunted in primeval mountain forests.

Then, early in June, the adventurers broke through the interminable wastes of dim woodland, and stood on the threshold of the beautiful blue-grass region of Kentucky; a land of running waters, of groves and glades, of prairies, cane-brakes, and stretches of lofty forest. It was teeming with game. The shaggy-maned herds of unwieldy buffalo—the bison as they should be called—had beaten out broad roads through the forest, and had furrowed the prairies with trails along which they had traveled for countless generations. The round-horned elk, with spreading, massive antlers, the lordliest of the deer tribe throughout the world, abounded, and, like the buffalo, traveled in bands not only through the woods but also across the reaches of waving grass land. The deer were extraordinarily numerous and so were bears, while wolves and panthers were plentiful. Wherever there was a salt spring the country was fairly

thronged with wild beasts of many kinds. For six months Boone and his companions enjoyed such hunting as had hardly fallen to men of their race since the Germans came out of the Hercynian forest.

In December, however, they were attacked by Indians. Boone and a companion were captured; and when they escaped they found their camp broken up, and the rest of the party scattered and gone home. About this time they were joined by Squire Boone, the brother of the great hunter, and himself a woodsman of but little less skill, together with another adventurer; the two had traveled through the immense wilderness, partly to explore it and partly with the hope of finding the original adventurers, which they finally succeeded in doing more by good luck than design. Soon afterward Boone's companion in his first short captivity was again surprised by the Indians, and this time was slain —the first of the thousands of human beings with whose life-blood Kentucky was bought.

The attack was entirely unprovoked. The Indians had wantonly shed the first blood. The land belonged to no one tribe but was hunted over by all, each feeling jealous of every other intruder; they attacked the whites, not because the whites had wronged them, but be-

cause their invariable policy was to kill any strangers on any grounds over which they themselves ever hunted, no matter what man had the best right thereto. The Kentucky hunters were promptly taught that in this no-man's-land, teeming with game and lacking even a solitary human habitation, every Indian must be regarded as a foe.

The man who had accompanied Squire Boone was terrified by the presence of the Indians, and now returned to the settlements. The two brothers remained alone on their hunting-grounds throughout the winter, living in a little cabin. About the first of May, Squire set off alone to the settlements to procure horses and ammunition. For three months Daniel Boone remained absolutely alone in the wilderness, without salt, sugar, or flour, and without the companionship of so much as a horse or a dog. But the solitude-loving hunter, dauntless and self-reliant, enjoyed to the full his wild, lonely life. He passed his days hunting and exploring, wandering hither and thither over the country, while at night he lay off in the cane-brakes or thickets, without a fire, so as not to attract the Indians. Of the latter he saw many signs, and they sometimes came to his camp, but his sleepless wariness enabled him to avoid capture.

Late in July his brother returned, and met him, according to appointment, at the old camp. Other hunters also now came into the Kentucky wilderness, and Boone joined a small party of them for a short time. Soon, however, danger from the Indians drove him back to the valley of the Cumberland River, and in the spring of 1771 he returned to his home on the Yadkin.

A couple of years before Boone went to Kentucky, Steiner, or Stoner, and Harrod, two hunters from Pittsburg, who had passed through the Illinois, came down to hunt in the bend of the Cumberland where Nashville now stands. They found vast numbers of buffalo, and killed a great many, especially around the licks, where the huge, clumsy beasts had fairly destroyed most of the forest, treading down the young trees and bushes till the ground was left bare or covered with a rich growth of clover. The bottoms and the hollows between the hills were thickset with cane. Sycamore grew in the low ground, and toward the Mississippi were to be found the persimmon and cottonwood. Sometimes the forest was open and composed of huge trees; elsewhere it was of thicker, smaller growth. Everywhere game abounded, and it was nowhere very wary.

Other hunters—of whom we know even the

names of only a few—had been through many parts of the wilderness before Boone, and earlier still Frenchmen had built forts and smelting-furnaces on the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the head tributaries of the Kentucky. Boone is interesting as a leader and explorer; but he is still more interesting as a type. The West was neither discovered, won, nor settled by any single man. No keen-eyed statesman planned the movement, nor was it carried out by any great military leader. It was the work of a whole people, of whom each man was impelled mainly by sheer love of adventure. It was the outcome of the ceaseless strivings of all the dauntless, restless backwoods folk to win homes for their descendants and each to penetrate deeper than his neighbors into the remote forest hunting-grounds where the perilous pleasures of the chase and of war could be best enjoyed. We owe the conquest of the West to all the backwoodsmen, not to any solitary individual among them; where all alike were strong and daring there was no chance for any single man to rise to unquestioned pre-eminence.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

HOW WE BOUGHT LOUISIANA*

It is a hard matter to tell just how much power a little thing has, because little things have the habit of growing. That was the trouble that France and England and Spain and all the other big nations had with America at first. The thirteen colonies occupied so small and unimportant a strip of land that few people thought they would ever amount to much. How could such insignificance ever bother old England for instance, big and powerful as she was? To England's great loss she soon learned her error in underestimating the importance or strength of her colonies.

France watched the giant and the pygmy fighting together, and learned several lessons while she was watching. For one thing, she found out that the little American colonies were going to grow, and so she said to herself: "I will be a sort of back-stop to them. These Americans are going to be foolish over this bit of success, and think that just because they have won the Revolution they can do anything they wish to do. They'll think they can spread out all over the country and grow to be as big as

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England herself; and of course anybody can see that that is impossible. I'll just put up a net along the Mississippi River, and prevent them crossing over it. That will be the only way to keep them within bounds."

And so France held the Mississippi, and from there back to the Rocky Mountains, and whenever the United States citizen desired to go west of the Mississippi, France said: "No, dear child. Stay within your own yard and play, like a good little boy," or something to that effect.

Now the United States citizen didn't like this at all; he had pushed his way with much trouble and expense and hard work through bands of Indians and through forests and over rivers and mountains, into Wisconsin and Illinois, and he wished to go farther. And, besides, he wanted to have the right to sail up and down the Mississippi, and to save himself the trouble of walking over the land and cutting out his own roads as he went. So when France said, "No, dear," and told him to "be a good little boy and not tease," the United States citizen very naturally rebelled.

Mr. Jefferson was president of the United States at that time, and he was a man who hated war of any description. He certainly did not

wish to fight with his own countrymen, and he as certainly did not wish to fight with any other nation, so he searched around for some sort of a compromise. He thought that if America could own even one port on this useful river and had the right of Mississippi navigation, the matter would be settled with satisfaction to all parties. So he sent James Monroe over to Paris to join our minister, Mr. Livingston, and see if the two of them together could not persuade France to sell them the island of New Orleans, on which was the city of the same name.

Now Napoleon was the ruler of France, and he was dreaming dreams and seeing visions in which France was the most important power in America, because she owned this wonderful Mississippi River and all this "Louisiana" which stretched back from the river to the Rockies. He already held forts along the river, and he was planning to strengthen these and build some new ones. But you know what happens to the plans of mice and men sometimes. Napoleon was depending upon his army to help him out on these plans, but his armies in San Domingo were swept away by war and sickness, so that on the day he had set for them to move up into Louisiana not a man was able to go. At the same time Napoleon had on hand another scheme against

England, which was even more important than his plans for America, and which demanded men and money. Besides this, he was shrewd enough to know that he could not hold this far-away territory for any long time against England, which had so many more ships than France. He suddenly changed his mind about his American possessions, and nearly sent Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston into a state of collapse by offering to sell them not only New Orleans but also the whole Province of Louisiana.

There was no time to write to President Jefferson and ask his advice, and this was before the days of the cable; so Monroe and Livingston took the matter into their own hands, and signed the contract which transferred the Louisiana territory to the United States for a consideration of $15,000,000. They were severely criticized by many of their own countrymen, and they had some doubts of their own about the wisdom of their action. You see, nobody knew then that corn and wheat would grow so abundantly in this territory, or that beyond the Mississippi there were such stretches of glorious pasture-lands, or that underneath its mountainous regions were such mines of gold, silver, and copper. Americans saw only the commercial possibilities of the river, and all they wanted was the right of

navigating it and permission to explore the unknown country to the westward.

But Jefferson and Monroe and Livingston builded better than they knew. All this happened a hundred years ago; and to-day that old Louisiana territory is, in natural resources, the wealthiest part of the whole United States. Without that territory in our possession we should have no Colorado and no Wyoming, no Dakotas, or Nebraska, or Minnesota, or Montana, or Missouri, or Iowa, or Kansas, or Arkansas, or Louisiana, or Oklahoma.

If Columbus had never discovered America, you know, we could never have had a World's Fair in Chicago, and if Mr. Monroe and Mr. Livingston had never purchased Louisiana, we could have had no Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

For all these reasons we owe our most sincere and hearty thanks to the patriotic and far-sighted men who were concerned in buying this territory for the United States.

Helen Lockwood Coffin.

THE CRUISE OF THE "WASP"*

In the War of 1812 the little American navy, including only a dozen frigates and sloops of war, won a series of victories against the English, the hitherto undoubted masters of the sea, that attracted an attention altogether out of proportion to the force of the combatants or the actual damage done. For one hundred and fifty years the English ships of war had failed to find fit rivals in those of any other European power, although they had been matched against each in turn; and when the unknown navy of the new nation growing up across the Atlantic did what no European navy had ever been able to do, not only the English and Americans, but the people of Continental Europe as well, regarded the feat as important out of all proportion to the material aspects of the case. The Americans first proved that the English could be beaten at their own game on the sea. They did what the huge fleets of France, Spain, and Holland had failed to do, and the great modern writers on naval warfare in Continental Europe—men like Jurien de la Gravière—have paid the same attention to these contests of frigates and sloops

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that they give to whole fleet actions of other wars.

Among the famous ships of the Americans in this war were two named the *Wasp*. The first was an eighteen-gun ship-sloop, which at the very outset of the war captured a British brig-sloop of twenty guns, after an engagement in which the British fought with great gallantry, but were knocked to pieces, while the Americans escaped comparatively unscathed. Immediately afterward a British seventy-four captured the victor. In memory of her the Americans gave the same name to one of the new sloops they were building. These sloops were stoutly made, speedy vessels which in strength and swiftness compared favorably with any ships of their class in any other navy of the day, for the American shipwrights were already as famous as the American gunners and seamen. The new *Wasp*, like her sister ships, carried twenty-two guns and a crew of one hundred and seventy men, and was ship-rigged. Twenty of her guns were 32-pound carronades, while for bow-chasers she had two "long Toms." It was in the year 1814 that the *Wasp* sailed from the United States to prey on the navy and commerce of Great Britain. Her commander was a gallant South Carolinian named Captain Johnson Blake-

ley. Her crew were nearly all native Americans, and were an exceptionally fine set of men. Instead of staying near the American coasts or of sailing the high seas, the *Wasp* at once headed boldly for the English Channel, to carry the war to the very doors of the enemy.

At that time the English fleets had destroyed the navies of every other power of Europe, and had obtained such complete supremacy over the French that the French fleets were kept in port. Off these ports lay the great squadrons of the English ships of the line, never, in gale or in calm, relaxing their watch upon the rival war-ships of the French emperor. So close was the blockade of the French ports, and so hopeless were the French of making headway in battle with their antagonists, that not only the great French three-deckers and two-deckers, but their frigates and sloops as well, lay harmless in their harbors, and the English ships patroled the seas unchecked in every direction. A few French privateers still slipped out now and then, and the far bolder and more formidable American privateersmen drove hither and thither across the ocean in their swift schooners and brigantines, and harried the English commerce without mercy.

The *Wasp* proceeded at once to cruise in the English Channel and off the coasts of Eng-

land, France, and Spain. Here the water was traversed continually by English fleets and squadrons and single ships of war, which were sometimes convoying detachments of troops for Wellington's Peninsular Army, sometimes guarding fleets of merchant vessels bound homeward, and sometimes merely cruising for foes. It was this spot, right in the teeth of the British naval power, that the *Wasp* chose for her cruising ground. Hither and thither she sailed through the narrow seas, capturing and destroying the merchantmen, and by the seamanship of her crew and the skill and vigilance of her commander, escaping the pursuit of frigate and ship of the line. Before she had been long on the ground, one June morning, while in chase of a couple of merchant ships, she spied a sloop of war, the British brig *Reindeer*, of eighteen guns and a hundred and twenty men. The *Reindeer* was a weaker ship than the *Wasp*, her guns were lighter, and her men fewer; but her commander, Captain Manners, was one of the most gallant men in the splendid British navy, and he promptly took up the gage of battle which the *Wasp* threw down.

The day was calm and nearly still; only a light wind stirred across the sea. At one o'clock the *Wasp's* drum beat to quarters and the sailors and marines gathered at their appointed posts.

The drum of the *Reindeer* responded to the challenge, and with her sails reduced to fighting trim, her guns run out, and every man ready, she came down upon the Yankee ship. On her forecastle she had rigged a light carronade, and coming up from behind, she five times discharged this pointblank into the American sloop; then in the light air the latter luffed round, firing her guns as they bore, and the two ships engaged yard-arm to yard-arm. The guns leaped and thundered as the grimy gunners hurled them out to fire and back again to load, working like demons. For a few minutes the cannonade was tremendous, and the men in the tops could hardly see the decks for the wreck of flying splinters. Then the vessels ground together, and through the open ports the rival gunners hewed, hacked, and thrust at one another, while the black smoke curled up from between the hulls.

The English were suffering terribly. Captain Manners himself was wounded, and realizing that he was doomed to defeat unless by some desperate effort he could avert it, he gave the signal to board. At the call the boarders gathered naked to the waist, black with powder and spattered with blood, cutlas and pistol in hand. But the Americans were ready. Their marines were drawn up on deck, the pikemen stood behind

the bulwarks, and the officers watched, cool and alert, every movement of the foe. Then the British sea-dogs tumbled aboard, only to perish by shot or steel. The combatants slashed and stabbed with savage fury, and the assailants were driven back. Manners sprang to their head to lead them again himself, when a ball fired by one of the sailors in the American tops crashed through his skull, and he fell, sword in hand, with his face to the foe, dying as honorable a death as ever a brave man died in fighting against odds for the flag of his country.

As he fell the American officers passed the word to board. With wild cheers the fighting sailormen sprang forward, sweeping the wreck of the British force before them, and in a minute the *Reindeer* was in their possession. All of her officers, and nearly two thirds of the crew, were killed or wounded; but they had proved themselves as skilful as they were brave, and twenty-six of the Americans had been killed or wounded.

The *Wasp* set fire to her prize, and after retiring to a French port to refit, came out again to cruise. For some time she met no antagonist of her own size with which to wage war, and she had to exercise the sharpest vigilance to escape capture. Late one September afternoon, when she could see ships of war all around her, she

selected one which was isolated from the others, and decided to run alongside her and try to sink her after nightfall. Accordingly she set her sails in pursuit, and drew steadily toward her antagonist, a big eighteen-gun brig, the *Avon*, a ship more powerful than the *Reindeer*. The *Avon* kept signaling to two other British war vessels which were in sight—one an eighteen-gun brig and the other a twenty-gun ship; they were so close that the *Wasp* was afraid they would interfere before the combat could be ended. Nevertheless, Blakeley persevered, and made his attack with equal skill and daring.

It was after dark when he ran alongside his opponent, and they began forthwith to exchange furious broadsides. As the ships plunged and wallowed in the seas, the Americans could see the clusters of topmen in the rigging of their opponent, but they knew nothing of the vessel's name or of her force, save only so far as they felt it. The firing was fast and furious, but the British shot with bad aim, while the skilled American gunners hulled their opponent at almost every discharge. In a very few minutes the *Avon* was in a sinking condition, and she struck her flag and cried for quarter, having lost forty or fifty men, while but three of the Americans had fallen. Before the *Wasp* could take possession of her op-

ponent, however, the two war vessels to which the *Avon* had been signaling came up. One of them fired at the *Wasp*, and as the latter could not fight two new foes, she ran off easily before the wind. Neither of her new antagonists followed her, devoting themselves to picking up the crew of the sinking *Avon*.

It would be hard to find a braver feat more skillfully performed than this; for Captain Blakeley, with hostile foes all round him, had closed with and sunk one antagonist not greatly his inferior in force, suffering hardly any loss himself, while two of her friends were coming to her help.

Both before and after this the *Wasp* cruised hither and thither making prizes. Once she came across a convoy of ships bearing arms and munitions to Wellington's army, under the care of a great two-decker. Hovering about, the swift sloop evaded the two-decker's movements, and actually cut out and captured one of the transports she was guarding, making her escape unharmed. Then she sailed for the high seas. She made several other prizes, and on October 9th spoke a Swedish brig.

This was the last that was ever heard of the gallant *Wasp*. She never again appeared, and no trace of any of those aboard her was ever

found. Whether she was wrecked on some desert coast, whether she foundered in some furious gale, or what befell her none ever knew. All that is certain is that she perished, and that all on board her met death in some one of the myriad forms in which it must always be faced by those who go down to the sea in ships; and when she sank there sank one of the most gallant ships of the American navy, with as brave a captain and crew as ever sailed from any port of the New World.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SAM HOUSTON

THE westward growth of the American national domain has produced many picturesque characters. The hardships of pioneer life, the crafty nature of the Indian, and the solitude of forest and prairie, combined to make men of unusual courage and independence. Among these peculiarly American characters Sam Houston is a notable figure.

He was born in old Virginia in 1793. His father was a soldier during the War for Independence and became an officer in the frontier army after the nation was free. This patriot

father died at his post on the frontier, leaving to his son of thirteen a noble inheritance of service to country well performed.

The young Houston, one of a family of nine, became the mainstay of his widowed mother who moved out to the Tennessee frontier where she sought opportunity for her six sons. Sam Houston was early introduced to life on the edge of civilization. The Indian was an ever-present menace to the peace of these outposts and this boy of fourteen faced many dangers. But he was delighted with the frontier and with his Indian neighbors. When he was about fifteen he began to spend much of his time with the Indians, living in their wigwams, hunting with them, wearing clothes like theirs, and becoming familiar with the Cherokee language.

But Sam Houston had been a studious boy. He read widely, thereby gaining a command of language and literature that was of great use to him in his later life. Judging from the books read, it is safe to say that he had won for himself a better education than most frontier lads. He was able to teach the frontier school and at nineteen, just as the War of 1812 opened, he was a student in a Frontier Academy at Maryville, Tenn.

This adventurous boy enlisted as a private in

the army and fought under General Andrew Jackson. At the battle of Tohopeka against the Creek Indians he was severely wounded early in the action. Against the advice of his commander he kept in the battle and led a volunteer squad against a group of ambushed Indians. In this effort he was wounded several times more and was disabled for the rest of the war. He had shown the same heroic qualities of his soldier father and won the friendship of the rugged Jackson.

After the war Sam Houston served briefly as government agent among the Cherokee Indians, whose friend he was. In the frontier army he had become a lieutenant. But at twenty-five years of age he decided to resign his commission. He studied law, became a successful attorney, was sent to Congress from his district, and later was elected Governor of Tennessee.

Civil and political life seemed tame to this frontiersman. His life among the Cherokee Indians had been so happy that he decided to resign the governorship of his state and join his Indian friends who had now retreated beyond the Arkansas. He was adopted into the tribe and became their spokesman before Congress. Houston believed the Indian had been wronged and tried to secure justice for his tribe,

thereby arousing the bitter personal hostility of some members of Congress. But he remained true to the Cherokee tribe and lived with them until 1832, when President Jackson sent him into northern Mexico to treat with the Indians who were molesting the border settlers.

This mission into Mexico, or that part of Mexico which later became Texas, opens the chief part of Sam Houston's career. Texas was settled partly by men who had emigrated from the United States. These settlers were eager to incorporate their part of Mexico into a separate province but failed to get approval from the Mexican Government. Houston took an active part in the affair. A convention met and adopted a constitution and later a provisional government for Texas was organized. Houston, because of his military experiences, became commander of the Texan Army. Events now moved rapidly. Mexico tried to coerce the new republic by sending against it an army under President Santa Anna. Sam Houston led the republic's troops and won a decisive victory at San Jacinto, taking Santa Anna prisoner.

Having won the independence of the new republic, and being elected its president, Houston at once sought membership in the Union of States. Opposition arose, of course. Con-

gress was not ready to bring in a new slave state, and probably some of Houston's enemies were still in Congress. At any rate, Texas was denied admission until after the Mexican War, namely in 1845. On its admission, Sam Houston was elected United States Senator and reëlected, serving until 1858, when he was elected Governor of the state which he had so largely created.

This completed, apparently, the life work of this frontiersman. He had befriended the Indians and had won independence for both Indians and white men in Texas. He had guided that infant state through its trying years. He had extended the national domain beyond its borders by bringing Texas into the Union. The frontiersman, now advanced in years, might well look forward to retirement.

But one more storm arose to trouble his life. The secession of the Southern States came during his term as governor. Would he join the Confederacy of Southern States? He had fought long to bring Texas into the Union. Would he now disrupt that union by aligning his state with the seceding states? It was a trying moment to the veteran. But he stood by the Union, and was deposed from the governorship of the state he had freed from Mexico.

He retired soon afterward to live privately at Huntsville, Texas, until his death in 1863.

Sam Houston was a man of talent. Among the builders of the nation he deserves a place of honor. As a friend of the Indian he exercised wise leadership. He saw the Indian's own side of the controversy and was able to soften his condition. By bringing freedom to Texas, by adding Texas to the United States, he not only won great distinction but rendered high service to humanity.

ALASKA

The name Alaska sounds cold and dreary. When you hear it you think of ice, mountains, and waste land. That is what Alaska was supposed to be during the several hundred years while Russia controlled that country. For one hundred and fifty years Russia tried to explore and settle Alaska, but the belief prevailed that it was a poor land where the hardships of the Far North overbalanced every other consideration.

Alaska is about one fifth the area of the United States. Its coast line is more than 25,000 miles long while the coast line of the United States is about 23,000 miles long.

William H. Seward, Secretary of State in the Lincoln cabinet, bought this huge country from Russia in 1867, paying seven million two hundred thousand dollars for it.

"What a foolish project!" said his opponents. And there were many opponents. "Why should we pay this huge sum of money for rocks and ice and polar bears?" "Who would live in this miserable land where nothing grows but stunted trees and Arctic animals?"

"A piece of statesmanship is this that will be the scorn of future generations."

But Seward had the far vision of the pioneer and pressed forward in spite of denunciation from the public and against political opposition. The price paid was a large sum for his day but the results have cast the price into the shade. The annual income from Alaska is to-day many times as large as the purchase price. The salmon fisheries alone yield annually twice what Alaska cost the United States. The mineral product is annually four or five times the original cost. The value of merchandise annually sent from Alaska to the United States is nine times this first cost, besides gold ore and bullion. The gold mined in Alaska since Seward braved the scorn of his opponents is valued at thirty-seven times the cost of the whole country.

Alaska is a storehouse of wealth. It has rich deposits of gold, silver, copper, and coal. Its fisheries are very productive. The furs are a source of large wealth. There are already more than 700 miles of railroad in operation in the territory. And by way of justification for Secretary Seward's pioneer venture, the farmers of Alaska produce butter, cheese, and grain for export to the United States. Garden vegetables include potatoes, carrots, and tomatoes, and strawberries of exceptional size and quality are produced.

The purchase of Alaska by Seward is a notable example of the enterprise, daring, and resourcefulness of the American men and women who extended the boundaries of the thirteen colonies beyond the Alleghanies with Boone, claimed the Mississippi Valley, blazed the Oregon trail with Lewis and Clark, followed Houston into Texas, and made for us the boundaries of the nation as we know them. The nation grew because it was guided by men of large vision, and among these we must give large place to William H. Seward.

MARY LYON

When we speak of pioneers we think of men like Daniel Boone. The sturdy men who opened the Middle West, then the Far West, for settlement and development, were true pioneers. They pushed the frontier back in the face of hostile Indians, in spite of difficulties of travel, over impassable streams, through pathless forests and trackless prairies. Pioneers made for us that spirit of America which dares danger and endures hardship. America is the work of pioneers. The Government which we hold in such high honor; the free institutions which we love; the liberty which we enjoy; all was won and established by the spirit of bold pioneers.

But we have also had women pioneers who opened new paths of progress and made the spirit of America richer and better for us who came after them. Such was Mary Lyon, who led the way to the higher education of women in America.

Mary Lyon was born in Buckland, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797. This was a bleak beginning. Midwinter in the Berkshire Hills is a desolate time, and the farm homes in that region are at best far from comfort and luxury.

Farm life in those days was a struggle against great difficulties. There were no big cities near Buckland where farm products could be sold and home necessities bought. Travel was slow in the absence of railroads and other means of travel now commonly enjoyed. In winter the roads were often impassable for weeks at a time.

Mary Lyon spent her girlhood days on those bleak hills, working at the tasks that farmers' daughters had to do. She learned to do skillfully all that helps to make and maintain a home. Milking, cooking, sewing, mending, spinning, weaving—these were her tasks. In addition to these she went to school to get the best education New England could offer to a girl.

But Mary Lyon soon exhausted the schools of her neighborhood. She finished in Buckland Academy and in Sanderson Academy at the near-by village of Ashfield. There were no other schools for girls but Mary, being only sixteen, and longing for more education, sought larger opportunities. She taught school in and near her home village of Buckland. At seventeen she taught school in Shelburne Falls for seventy-five cents a week. At twenty-one she took one term's work at Amherst Academy, where she became aware that American boys have very much better educational opportunities than

American girls. Her burning desire was to educate herself in spite of the fact that colleges were not open to women. So she studied at Byfield Seminary under Joseph Emerson, a Harvard College graduate; she studied science privately; she attended lectures at Amherst College; she took special lectures in science at the Troy Polytechnic Institute. Her persistence did not admit her to college, but it won for her opportunity to hear college lectures, and she did get some satisfaction for her desire for learning.

But the difficulties she had experienced made Mary Lyon determine to open some school for women which should be at least equivalent to the New England colleges for men. Single-handed and without any funds for the purpose, she set out to found a woman's seminary or college. It was a huge task, especially for a woman. It was not considered proper for a woman to travel about the country, holding public meetings, collecting funds, and standing as a public person. Mary Lyon was severely criticized. But she persisted. In less than three years this tireless little woman succeeded in bringing together enough money and an able board of trustees to build a seminary and to open it with more than one hundred students.

Mary Lyon was a great patriot. She be-

lieved in the greatness of America. She loved especially the mass of the American people. So she gave her life "to secure to young women, on the same terms as it was provided for young men, a training that should fit them likewise honorably to serve society." This was new. It alarmed some people who did not believe women should be educated. She was democratic in her thought and tried "to serve the wants of the great mass of the community rather than a few families." This democratic purpose became the foundation of her work, which has made our country more democratic by educating women for a place of useful service in the state and the nation.

Mary Lyon was a great leader. She said of her seminary: "This institution is a great intellectual machine and if you will jump in you may ride very fast. Do something—teach—have a plan—live for some purpose." This motto has become the motto of American womanhood. In fifty years women's colleges have become firmly established on the basis laid by Mary Lyon. Women have begun to "serve society" as Mary Lyon said they should. Women have become a genuine force in all forms of social welfare, and Mary Lyon first led the way to it.

It is a great tribute to Mary Lyon to say that she was a pioneer in women's education. It is a greater tribute still to say that she was a patriotic American woman, a womanly woman. Her ideal woman was an educated mother, a skillful home-maker, a public-spirited citizen, an efficient social worker. She is to American womanhood what Washington is to American manhood. Let us pay homage to Mary Lyon, the first woman in a long succession of great women.

The Statue of Liberty by Bartholdi in New York Harbor

THE NATION'S TEST

WHAT MAKES A NATION?*

WHAT makes a nation? Bounding lines that
lead from shore to shore,
That trace its girth on silent hills or on the prairie
floor,
That hold the rivers and the lakes and all the
fields between—
The lines that stand about the land a barrier
unseen?

Or is it guns that hold the coast, or ships that
sweep the seas,
The flag that flaunts its glory in the racing of the
breeze;
The chants of peace, or battle hymn, or dirge, or
victor's song,
Or parchment screed, or storied deed, that makes
a nation strong?

*Used by special permission of the author.

What makes a nation? Is it ships or states or
flags or guns?
Or is it that great common heart which beats in
all her sons—
That deeper faith, that truer faith, the trust in
one for all
Which sets the goal for every soul that hears
his country's call?

This makes a nation great and strong and cer-
tain to endure,
This subtle inner voice that thrills a man and
makes him sure;
Which makes him know there is no north or
south or east or west,
But that his land must ever stand the bravest
and the best.

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY*

BY THE flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron had fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Henry Holt & Company.

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet,—
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all,—

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth
On forest, and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years now fading
No braver battle was won;
Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

Under the sod and the dew;
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS*

This address, which is undoubtedly the most cherished bit of eloquence in all the history of our country, was delivered at the dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, Pa., November 19, 1863.

FOUR SCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who

*From a facsimile of the manuscript written by Mr. Lincoln for the Baltimore Fair—the standard version—which appeared in *The Century Magazine* for February, 1894.

struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

The poet Whitman was a strong believer in freedom and democracy. The one hundredth anniversary of his birth, which came in 1919, was celebrated in all parts of the United States.

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage
closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with
object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON*

THE greatest general of the South was Lee, and his greatest lieutenant was Jackson. Both were Virginians, and both were strongly opposed to disunion. Lee went so far as to deny the right of secession, while Jackson insisted that the South ought to try to get its rights inside the Union, and not outside. But when Virginia joined the Southern Confederacy, and the war had actually begun, both men cast their lot with the South.

It is often said that the Civil War was in one sense a repetition of the old struggle between the Puritan and the Cavalier; but Puritan and Cavalier types were common to the two armies.

*Reprinted from "Hero Tales from American History," by permission of The Century Co.

In dash and light-hearted daring, Custer and Kearney stood as conspicuous as Stuart and Morgan; and, on the other hand, no Northern general approached the Roundhead type—the type of the stern, religious warriors who fought under Cromwell—so closely as Stonewall Jackson. He was a man of intense religious convictions, who carried into every thought and deed of his daily life the precepts of the faith he cherished. He was a tender and loving husband and father, kindhearted and gentle to all with whom he was brought in contact; yet in the times that tried men's souls he proved not only a commander of genius, but a fighter of iron will and temper, who joyed in the battle, and always showed at his best when the danger was greatest. The vein of fanaticism that ran through his character helped to render him a terrible opponent. He knew no such word as falter, and when he had once put his hand to a piece of work, he did it thoroughly and with all his heart. It was quite in keeping with his character that this gentle, high-minded, and religious man should, early in the contest, have proposed to hoist the black flag, neither take nor give quarter, and make the war one of extermination. No such policy was practical in the nineteenth century and in the American Republic; but it would have

seemed quite natural and proper to Jackson's ancestors, the grim Scotch-Irish, who defended Londonderry against the forces of the Stuart king, or to their forefathers, the Covenanters of Scotland, and the Puritans who in England rejoiced at the beheading of King Charles I.

In the first battle in which Jackson took part, the confused struggle at Bull Run, he gained his name of "Stonewall" from the firmness with which he kept his men to their work and repulsed the attack of the Union troops. From that time until his death, less than two years afterward, his career was one of brilliant and almost uninterrupted success; whether serving with an independent command in the Valley, or acting under Lee as his right arm in the pitched battles with McClellan, Pope, and Burnside. Few generals as great as Lee have ever had as great a lieutenant as Jackson. He was a master of strategy and tactics, fearless of responsibility, able to instil into his men his own intense ardor in battle, and so quick in his movements, so ready to march as well as fight, that his troops were known to the rest of the army as the "foot cavalry."

In the spring of 1863 Hooker had command of the Army of the Potomac. Like McClellan, he was able to perfect the discipline of his forces and to organize them, and as a division com-

mander he was better than McClellan, but he failed even more signally when given a great independent command. He had under him 120,000 men when, toward the end of April, he prepared to attack Lee's army, which was but half as strong.

The Union army lay opposite Fredericksburg, looking at the fortified heights where they had received so bloody a repulse at the beginning of the winter. Hooker decided to distract the attention of the Confederates by letting a small portion of his force, under General Sedgwick, attack Fredericksburg, while he himself took the bulk of the army across the river to the right hand so as to crush Lee by an assault on his flank. All went well at the beginning, and on the first of May Hooker found himself at Chancellorsville, face to face with the bulk of Lee's forces; and Sedgwick, crossing the river and charging with the utmost determination, had driven out of Fredericksburg the Confederate division of Early; but when Hooker found himself in front of Lee he hesitated, faltered instead of pushing on, and allowed the consummate general to whom he was opposed to take the initiative.

Lee fully realized his danger, and saw that his only chance was first to beat back Hooker and then to turn and overwhelm Sedgwick, who was in his rear. He consulted with Jackson, and

Jackson begged to be allowed to make one of his favorite flank attacks upon the Union army; attacks which could have been successfully delivered only by a skilled and resolute general, and by troops equally able to march and to fight. Lee consented, and Jackson at once made off. The country was thickly covered with a forest of rather small growth, for it was a wild region in which there was still plenty of game. Shielded by the forest, Jackson marched his gray columns rapidly to the left along the narrow country roads until he was square on the flank of the Union right wing, which was held by the Eleventh Corps under Howard. The Union scouts got track of the movement and reported it at headquarters, but the Union generals thought the Confederates were retreating; and when finally the scouts brought word to Howard that he was menaced by a flank attack he paid no heed to the information, and actually let his whole corps be surprised in broad daylight. Yet all the while the battle was going on elsewhere, and Berdan's sharpshooters had surrounded and captured a Georgia regiment, from which information was received showing definitely that Jackson was not retreating, and must be preparing to strike a heavy blow.

The Eleventh Corps had not the slightest

idea that it was about to be assailed. The men were not even in line. Many of them had stacked their muskets and were lounging about, some playing cards, others cooking supper, intermingled with the pack-mules and beef cattle. While they were thus utterly unprepared, Jackson's gray-clad veterans pushed straight through the forest and rushed fiercely to the attack. The first notice the troops of the Eleventh Corps received did not come from the pickets, but from the deer, rabbits, and foxes which, fleeing from their coverts at the approach of the Confederates, suddenly came running over and into the Union lines. In another minute the frightened pickets came tumbling back, and right behind them came the long files of charging, yelling Confederates. With one fierce rush Jackson's men swept over the Union lines, and at a blow the Eleventh Corps became a horde of panic-struck fugitives. Some of the regiments resisted for a few moments, and then they, too, were carried away in the flight.

For a while it seemed as if the whole army would be swept off; but Hooker and his subordinates exerted every effort to restore order. It was imperative to gain time so that the untouched portions of the army could form across the line of the Confederate advance.

Keenan's regiment of Pennsylvania cavalry, but four hundred sabers strong, was accordingly sent full against the front of the ten thousand victorious Confederates.

Keenan himself fell, pierced by bayonets, and the charge was repulsed at once; but a few priceless moments had been saved, and Pleasanton had been given time to post twenty-two guns, loaded with double canister, where they would bear upon the enemy.

The Confederates advanced in a dense mass, yelling and cheering, and the discharge of the guns fairly blew them back across the works they had just taken. Again they charged, and again were driven back; and when the battle once more began the Union reinforcements had arrived.

It was about this time that Jackson himself was mortally wounded. He had been leading and urging on the advance of his men, cheering them with voice and gesture, his pale face flushed with joy and excitement, while from time to time as he sat on his horse he took off his hat and, looking upward, thanked Heaven for the victory it had vouchsafed him. As darkness drew near he was in the front, where friend and foe were mingled in almost inextricable confusion. He and his staff were fired at, at close range, by

the Union troops, and, as they turned, were fired at again, through a mistake, by the Confederates behind them. Jackson fell, struck in several places. He was put in a litter and carried back; but he never lost consciousness, and when one of his generals complained of the terrible effect of the Union cannonade he answered:

"You must hold your ground."

For several days he lingered, hearing in detail how Lee beat Hooker, and forced him back across the river. Then the old Puritan died. At the end his mind wandered, and he thought he was again commanding in battle, and his last words were:

"Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade."

Thus perished Stonewall Jackson, one of the ablest of soldiers and one of the most upright of men, in the last of his many triumphs.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

ROBERT E. LEE*

A GALLANT foeman in the fight,
  A brother when the fight was o'er,
The hand that led the host with might
  The blessed torch of learning bore.

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No shriek of shells nor roll of drums,
No challenge fierce, resounding far,
When reconciling Wisdom comes
To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide,
Love makes the hearts of nations one,
And so, thy soldier grave beside,
We honor thee, Virginia's son.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

DEAR LAND OF ALL MY LOVE*

A native of Georgia, Sidney Lanier served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. He was a musician and poet of note.

LONG as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

SIDNEY LANIER.

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Celebrating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg in July, 1913, by a Reunion of Union and Confederate Soldiers Who Fought in that Battle

LINCOLN*

THE noblest soul of all!
When was there ever, since our Washington,
A man so pure, so wise, so patient—one
Who walked with this high goal alone in sight,
To speak, to do, to sanction only Right,
Though very Heaven should fall!

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

*From "Man the Spirit," by Edward Rowland Sill, by permission of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY*

I WAS a boy ten years old when the troops marched away to defend Washington. I saw the troops, month after month, pour through the streets of Boston. I saw Shaw go forth at the head of his black regiment, and Bartlett, shattered in body but dauntless in soul, ride by to carry what was left of him once more to the battlefields of the Republic. I saw Andrew, standing bareheaded on the steps of the State House, bid the men godspeed. I cannot remember the words he said, but I can never forget

*Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company.

the fervid eloquence which brought tears to the eyes and fire to the hearts of all who listened. To my boyish mind one thing alone was clear, that the soldiers, as they marched past, were all, in that supreme hour, heroes and patriots. Other feelings have, in the progress of time, altered much, but amid many changes that simple belief of boyhood has never altered.

And you, brave men who wore the gray, would be the first to hold me or any other son of the North in just contempt if I should say that now it was all over I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly, and gladly. We have no bitter memories to revive, no reproaches to utter. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good nature but never let us differ with each other on sectional or state lines, by race or creed.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back, and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick

Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side, they founded the Government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue—the uniform of Washington.

Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. When the war was closed it was proposed to give Governor Andrew, who had sacrificed health and strength and property in his public duties, some immediately lucrative office. A friend asked him if he would take such a place. "No," said he; "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar, and I have

poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts, and I cannot take money for that." Mere sentiment truly, but the sentiment which ennobles and uplifts mankind.

So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, tells us that if war should break again upon the country the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts would, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors that they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meaning in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

ONE COUNTRY*

AFTER all,
One country, brethren! We must rise or fall
With the Supreme Republic. We must be
The makers of her immortality;
Her freedom, fame,
Her glory or her shame—
Liegemen to God and fathers of the free!

*From "Comes One With a Song," by Frank L. Stanton. Copyright, 1898. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The St. Gaudens Statue of Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago

After all—
Hark! from the heights the clear, strong, clarion
call
And the command imperious: "Stand forth,
Sons of the South and brothers of the North!
Stand forth and be
As one on soil and sea—
Your country's honor more than empire's
worth!"

After all,
'Tis Freedom wears the loveliest coronal;
Her brow is to the morning; in the sod
She breathes the breath of patriots; every clod
Answers her call
And rises like a wall
Against the foes of liberty and God.

FRANK LEBBY STANTON.

LETTER TO HORACE GREELEY

At the time of the Civil War Horace Greeley was the very able but impulsive editor of the New York *Tribune*. Disappointed and irritated because the Union cause did not progress more rapidly, he published in his paper scathing criticisms of President Lincoln. In answer to these Lincoln sent Greeley this letter.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
August 22, 1862.

DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th instant, addressed to myself through the New York *Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not now and here controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it, in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was."

If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe that what I am doing hurts the cause; and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. Lincoln.

REPLEDGING THE SOUTH TO THE UNION*

Robert E. Lee was a native of Virginia. At the close of the Mexican War, in which he served, he was called by General Scott the "greatest living soldier in America." Later he was offered by President Lincoln the command of the army of the United States. Of this Lee said afterward, "I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States." He served as commander-in-chief of the army of the Confederate States. The following letter is illustrative of his spirit, which is honored to-day throughout the country.

NEAR CARTERSVILLE, VIRGINIA,
28th August, 1865.

HONORABLE JOHN LETCHER, LEXINGTON, VA.

MY DEAR SIR: I was much pleased to hear of your return to your home and to learn by your letter of the 2d of the kindness and consideration with which you were treated during your arrest, and of the sympathy extended to you by your former congressional associates and friends in Washington. The conciliatory manner in which President Johnson spoke of the South must have been particularly agreeable to one who has the interest of its people so much at heart as yourself.

*Reprinted by permission of Anne Carter Lee, Mary Custis Lee, and R. E. Lee.

I wish that spirit could become more general. It would go far to promote confidence and to calm feelings which have too long existed. The questions which were for years in dispute between the State and general governments, and which unhappily were not decided by the dictates of reason, but referred to the decision of war, having been decided against us, it is the part of wisdom to acquiesce in the result, and of candor to recognize the fact.

The interests of the State are, therefore, the same as those of the United States. Its prosperity will rise or fall with the welfare of the country. The duty of its citizens, then, appears to me too plain to admit of doubt. All should unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They should remain, if possible, in the country; promote harmony and good feeling; qualify themselves to vote, and elect to the State and general legislatures wise and patriotic men who will devote their abilities to the interests of their country and the healing of all dissensions. I have invariably recommended this course since the cessation of hostilities, and have endeavored to practise it myself. I am much obliged to you for the interest you have expressed in my acceptance of the presidency of Washington Col-

lege. If I believed I could be of advantage to the youth of the country, I should not hesitate. I have stated to the committee of trustees the objections which exist in my opinion to my filling the position, and will yield to their judgment. Please present me to Mrs. Letcher and your children, and believe me, most truly yours,

R. E. Lee.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion, Washington,
November 21, 1864.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must

be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OUR COUNTRY UNITED

THE United States of America is the proud name by which we like to be known. Our forefathers fought a long war for freedom and then labored long over the framing of a constitution. The union was therefore builded on liberty, framed in justice, and maintained almost a century in domestic peace.

Then came the great family quarrel, our Civil War. Some states wanted greater freedom than the Union of States allowed. Other states wanted to decrease this freedom and increase the power of the central government at Washington. This disagreement began even before the Constitution had been completed and adopted but it became a bitter quarrel later. To decide the question a war was fought which lined up brother against brother. It was a quarrel in the family of states.

Brave men fought on each side. Each side believed its cause was just. Each side believed it

was fighting for liberty. In this struggle high courage was displayed. Great generals led the freedom-loving soldiers: Stonewall Jackson and Phil Sheridan; Robert E. Lee and U. S. Grant. These are the names of generals loved by their soldiers and honored by us all to-day for their bravery and love of country. Never have two nobler and truer patriots fought each other than when Grant opposed Lee.

The war of brother with brother left bitterness behind, but Grant and Lee always respected each other. Even in defeat General Lee proved himself a great man. Even in the flush of victory, General Grant was generous and chivalrous. Out of the generous spirit of these noble men has grown the new spirit of national unity and single-hearted patriotism of our day.

Our country was able to face the great World War with a united patriotism. There was no North or South or East or West in love of country but one devotion to the spirit of liberty. The family quarrel was healed; we are once more all brothers.

This was well illustrated by a pleasant visit in a soldier's tent at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, South Carolina. On a Sunday morning in February, 1918, Lieutenant U. S. Grant, the grandson of the great Union commander, called on

The Lincoln Memorial at Springfield, Illinois

Lieutenant Robert E. Lee, a grand nephew of the great Confederate general. He called to pay his respects to a brother officer in the United States Army. But he did much more. When the friendly hands of young Grant and young Lee clasped, the United States of America stood united in a living symbol of friendship and patriotic devotion to duty.

It was a beautiful tribute to the memory of two true soldiers. It was a last pledge of reunion. It was a proud offer of the strength of a great, united nation against the enemy from beyond the seas which durst defy us on the free high seas. It was a call to united service for the entire country. It was a challenge to all citizens to forget all differences of opinion and come to the defense of the country's honor. In that clasp of hands the warm blood of the nation was pledged for justice and right among the nations of the earth. In that friendly act a happy nation is joined together in the firm bonds of peace and common service.

THE COMRADESHIP OF NATIONS

AN APPEAL FOR AMERICA

This is part of an address which William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, gave before the House of Lords in defense of the American Colonies.

My Lords:

These papers, brought to your table at so late a period of this business, tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before: that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were literally treated like the capricious squalls of a child, who, it is said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not.

But full well I knew, at that time, that this child, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a man. Full well I knew that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution and once breathing the same liberal air as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles and on the same occasions.

What has Government done? They have sent an armed force consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the policy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places they have passed? Will not a country which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up like hydras in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition?

Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that

these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely no. A victory must be to them a defeat, and carnage a sacrifice.

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every Whig in this country and in Ireland is with them.

In this alarming crisis I come with this paper in my hand to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that a humble petition be presented to His Majesty, beseeching him that, in order to open the way toward a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing His Majesty's force from the town of Boston.

Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of freedom and inquiry, and not in letters of blood.

There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed will cause a wound which may never be healed.

When your lordships look at the papers trans-

mitted to us from America, when you consider their firmness, decency, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must affirm, declare, and avow that, in all my reading and observation (and it has been my favorite study, for I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world), I say, I must declare that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.

We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract. Let us retract while we can, not when we must. I say we must necessarily undo these violent, oppressive acts. They *must* be repealed. You *will* repeal them. I pledge myself for it that you will, in the end, repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot if they are not finally repealed.

William Pitt (Lord Chatham).

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD*

The "warden of the western gate" is the Statue of Liberty, the largest statue in the world. It was given by France to the United States to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of American freedom. It is sometimes called the Bartholdi statue from the name of the sculptor.

THOU, warden of the western gate, above Manhattan Bay,
The fogs of doubt that hid thy face are driven clean away:
Thine eyes at last look far and clear, thou liftest high thy hand
To spread the light of liberty world-wide for every land.

. . . . . .

Britain, and France, and Italy, and Russia newly born,
Have waited for thee in the night. Oh, come as comes the morn!
Serene and strong and full of faith, America arise,
With steady hope and mighty help to join thy brave Allies.

*From "The Red Flower. Poems Written in War Time"; copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

O dearest country of my heart! home of the high
desire!
Make clean thy soul for sacrifice on Freedom's
altar fire:
For thou must suffer, thou must fight, until the
war-lords cease,
And all the peoples lift their heads in liberty
and peace.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

THE FATHERLAND*

The spirit of this poem is much more prevalent to-day than it was in Lowell's time. The great World War has made men realize that to love and serve one's own country is not enough, and that the free man's sympathy and help must go out to all peoples who are oppressed.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland?
Is it where he by chance is born?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span

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For the soul's love of home than this?
O yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE SPIRIT OF LAFAYETTE

THE American struggle for freedom had its dark hours. The patriot army suffered from defeats. Starvation threatened. Supplies of all kinds were hard to get. The men enlisted for short periods; desertions were frequent; the spirit of the militia was low. The retreat through New Jersey followed by a victorious

General Pershing Paying America's Tribute to France at the Tomb of Lafayette

army almost crushed the spirit of the country. The winter at Valley Forge was a terrific strain on the great Washington himself.

In all the dark hours of the War for Independence the spirit of Lafayette was present to cheer and lighten the burden. He first made known his decision to cross the Atlantic to assist the struggling patriots at the moment when all seemed lost as Washington fell back across New Jersey. He stood by Washington at Valley Forge. He was at the Battle of Brandywine where he was wounded. He faced Benedict Arnold, now General in the enemy army, when that traitor burned and ravaged his native country. He fought bravely at Monmouth. He was ever faithful to the Cause of Freedom, and at Yorktown he led a final assault that clinched the victory for the new land of Freedom.

Who was this Lafayette? What led him to America, here to risk his life for the liberty of a strange land? Why should a foreign nobleman fight for liberty? And "why not?" The motto of Lafayette was: "Why not?" The motto partly answers these questions. The spirit of Lafayette chafed under all despotic rule. He loved liberty better than life and dedicated himself to the work of winning freedom for mankind. So he left a life of luxury, denied himself noble ease,

refused promotion at the hands of royalty, to bear the hardships of war in a foreign land.

The life story of Lafayette will show the nobility of his character and the great gift he made to the cause of human freedom.

The Marquis de Lafayette was born in the province of Auvergne, France, September 6, 1757. The father was killed in battle before the birth of the son; the mother lived only to the boy's thirteenth year. The childhood of Lafayette was spent in the midst of great wealth. He was attended constantly by servants who paid homage to his noble rank. He was sent to the Collège du Plessis, in Paris, where his rank and wealth gave him entrance to the gayest and most fashionable social circles and exposed him to all the evil habits of the capital.

The boy appears to have had full control of his rich estates at fourteen years of age. He could satisfy every boyish wish and whim. His lovable disposition won what wealth alone could not. He was appointed a page in the Royal Household, a place reserved for princes and nobles. He obtained a commission in the King's favorite regiment because of the Queen's special favor. He married at seventeen a daughter of one of the most powerful and aristocratic families in France.

Here was a child that had the good fortune of all fairyland. From such boyhood usually comes selfish manhood. From such gilded ease comes love of power and uncontrolled passion. Can love of liberty also grow in such luxurious soil? "Why not?"

Before he was eighteen this youth refused the honor of position offered by the future king of France. At twenty he chartered a ship to carry himself and eleven devotees of liberty to America. At twenty he was wounded at the Battle of Brandywine and was made a major-general under Washington. At twenty-one he fought with great bravery at Monmouth. At twenty-three he sat as judge in the court-martial of Benedict Arnold and voted to condemn him to death. At twenty-four he led an army against that traitor, an army that was poorly clad, poorly fed, without tents. The officers suffered with the men. This child of Fortune is become a brave young man, willing to endure all hardship in the cause of liberty in a foreign land. "Why not?"

When Lafayette returned to France after independence was won for America, he placed a copy of the Declaration of Independence on the wall of his palace, leaving the corresponding space opposite vacant for a "Declaration of

Rights" for France. The French Revolution came on in 1789. The young patriot had an early share in events. He was a member of the Assembly of Notables, where he proposed the following:

"No man can be subject to any laws, excepting those which have received the assent of himself or his representatives."

When the Bastille fell, Lafayette was given the key as a mark of honor. He sent it to Washington as a tribute from "a missionary of liberty to his patriarch." He championed Freedom for France and in 1789 was chosen commander-in-chief of the French National Guard, an army of citizen soldiers.

But Lafayette's idea of liberty was a purer thing than the liberty sought by the French revolutionists. Their liberty included license, cruelty, massacre. Lafayette soon fell into disfavor. He was forced to flee and fell into the hands of Prussian and Austrian troops. By these he was imprisoned, first in Wesel on the Rhine, later in the fortress of Olmütz in Austria. His treatment was barbarous. He lay in a dungeon, with little light and foul air. His bed was of rotten, mouldy straw full of vermin. His suffering was very great. He had a violent fever. He was chained to the wall so that he

could barely turn. And to complete his misery he was told nothing of his family but was assured that he was saved for a public execution later on.

But the spirit of this brave patriot could not be broken. His Prussian captor said of him in 1793, when an effort was made to secure his freedom: "Lafayette has too much fanaticism to be set free. He does not conceal it. 'Do you think,' said he to me, 'that I went to America to obtain military reputation?—it was for liberty I went there. He who loves liberty can only remain quiet after having established it in his own country'."

After five years the prisoner was freed by the great Napoleon who restored him to his native France. The glories of France were returning under this great soldier and statesman, Napoleon Bonaparte. To Lafayette were offered honors and opportunities close to the great leader. When he found that the new ruler of France was hostile to the liberty of France, he broke off all relations with him and lived quietly on his estates.

Once more did this champion of liberty come to the rescue of his beloved France. When the King interfered with the electoral laws and destroyed the power of the people, Lafayette was again called to command the National Guard.

He defeated the royal army and boldly proclaimed: "The Royal Family has ceased to reign." He was then urged by some to become president of a French republic; by others to become king. He refused both and retired again to his estates, where he ended his days in peace.

It is the spirit of Lafayette that has so long linked France and America in firm friendship. He came to America to make us an independent nation. In the same spirit ten million Americans are ready to keep France free. America will spend its treasure of blood in the same spirit in which Lafayette risked his life here in America. "Why not?" May it be said of the American as of Lafayette: "In all his long public life he said and did nothing which could stain his reputation."

PERSHING AT THE TOMB OF LAFAYETTE*

THEY knew they were fighting our war. As the months grew to years
Their men and their women had watched through their blood and their tears

*From "The Silver Trumpet," by Amelia Josephine Burr. Copyright, 1918, by George H. Doran Company, publishers. Reprinted by permission of the author and of the publishers.

For a sign that we knew, we who could not have
come to be free
Without France, long ago. And at last from the
threatening sea
The stars of our strength on the eyes of their
weariness rose
And he stood among them, the sorrow-strong
hero we chose
To carry our flag to the tomb of that Frenchman
whose name
A man of our country could once more pronounce
without shame.
What crown of rich words would he set for all
time on this day?
The past and the future were listening what he
would say—
Only this, from the white-flaming heart of a
passion austere,
Only this—ah, but France understood!—"La-
fayette, we are here."

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

SACRIFICE*

Ralph Waldo Emerson lived from 1803 to 1882. So great is his fame as a poet and essayist that Englishmen joined with Americans in celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

THOUGH love repine, and reason chafe,
There came a voice without reply,—
" 'T is man's perdition to be safe,
When for the truth he ought to die."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

FRANCE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON

Soon after America entered the World War in 1917, our allies each sent a commission to Washington. Their purpose was to acquaint our government with the peculiar problems of the war as seen by each nation. It was also hoped to create a keener spirit in the American people for the rapid preparation to enter actual combat. The commissions severally visited the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, pledged devotion to the great cause of Democracy, and thereby emphasized the common spirit that inspired the allies in the common cause.

WE COULD not remain longer in Washington without accomplishing this pious pilgrimage. In this spot lies all that is mortal of a great hero. Close by this spot is the modest abode where

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René Viviani, former Premier of France, Delivering at the Tomb of Washington the Message of France to America

Washington rested after the tremendous labor of achieving for a nation its emancipation.

In this spot meet the admiration of the whole world and the veneration of the American people. In this spot rise before us the glorious memories left by the soldiers of France led by Rochambeau and Lafayette; a descendant of the latter, my friend, M. de Chambrun, accompanies us.

And I esteem it a supreme honor, as well as a satisfaction for my conscience, to be entitled to render this homage to our ancestors in the presence of my colleague and friend, Mr. Balfour, who so nobly represents his great nation. By thus coming to lay here the respectful tribute of every English mind he shows, in this historic moment of communion which France has willed, what nations that live for liberty can do.

When we contemplate in the distant past the luminous presence of Washington, in nearer times the majestic figure of Abraham Lincoln; when we respectfully salute President Wilson, the worthy heir of these great memories, we at one glance measure the vast career of the American people.

It is because the American people proclaimed and won for the nation the right to govern itself, it is because it proclaimed and won the equality of all men, that the free American people at the hour marked by Fate has been enabled

with commanding force to carry its action beyond the seas; it is because it was resolved to extend its action still further that Congress was enabled to obtain within the space of a few days the vote of conscription and to proclaim the necessity for a national army in the full splendor of civil peace.

In the name of France, I salute the young army which will share in our common glory.

While paying this supreme tribute to the memory of Washington I do not diminish the effect of my words when I turn my thought to the memory of so many unnamed heroes. I ask you before this tomb to bow in earnest meditation and all the fervor of piety before all the soldiers of the allied nations who for nearly three years have been fighting under different flags for some ideal.

I beg you to address the homage of your hearts and souls to all the heroes, born to live in happiness, in the tranquil pursuit of their labors, in the enjoyment of all human affections, who went into battle with virile cheerfulness and gave themselves up, not to death alone, but to the eternal silence that closes over those whose sacrifice remains unnamed, in the full knowledge that, save for those who loved them, their names would disappear with their bodies.

Their monument is in our hearts. Not the living alone greet us here; the ranks of the dead themselves rise to surround the soldiers of liberty.

At this solemn hour in the history of the world, while saluting from this sacred mound the final victory of justice, I send to the Republic of the United States the greetings of the French Republic.

René Viviani.

ITALY AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON*

This speech was delivered by the Prince of Udine, leader of the Italian Mission, on May 28, 1917.

We come to-day upon a devout pilgrimage to the tomb of your great national hero.

The wreath, which we have come to lay upon it, and which we have brought from Rome, is such as used to be offered to Roman heroes; it represents the homage of the Italian nation to the man who symbolizes the purest traditions and the most noble aspirations of the American spirit.

We cannot avoid a feeling of sadness, gentlemen, when we behold all around us the most civilized nations on earth dragged by powerful oligarchies into this colossal war, than which

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there has never been a greater or one more abounding in sorrow.

But the fact that we have gathered here to-day bears witness to the purity of our sentiments and to the nobility of our sacrifices. It bears witness, moreover, to feelings deep enough to dominate events and to overcome grief.

As sailors on a stormy night look toward a far-shining light which they can only reach by painful and difficult efforts, so do we to-day turn our eyes toward our heroes.

So great a war and such deep sorrows should not be without beneficial results for humanity. We feel that to establish a fuller human life, a nobler union of mankind, we should let ourselves be ruled, as regards all the nations and even as regards our enemies, by that sense of justice which inspired your hero.

Therefore we come to his tomb to seek purification. His noble, austere figure tells us that we must dare everything in war, that we must be ever audacious, and that we must never shrink from any sacrifice. He conquered forces which seemed invincible; he did not hesitate in the face of any danger, nor was any obstacle great enough to arrest him. But after victory was obtained he willed the triumph of democracy and of justice.

The Avenue of the Allies: Fifth Avenue, New York, Displaying the Flags of All the Allies

Thus, too, did our national heroes work. Their names are as sacred to you as the names of your heroes are to us.

And to-day, at the tomb of George Washington, while we reaffirm our promise never to hesitate in war and to offer to our just cause our fortunes and our persons, we affirm solemnly that we look upon war as the necessary *via dolorosa* which leads to universal justice and peace.

I desire to make myself the interpreter of those sentiments from which the House of Savoy has always derived its strength and which to-day form its prestige. In the name of my august cousin, the King of Italy, and in the name of all the people of Italy, I wish solemnly to declare, in this place sacred to the American nation, that we shall never lay down our arms until our liberty, and the liberties of the peoples who are suffering with us, shall be rendered safe against all surprises and all violences, and, at the same time, I affirm once more that our victory must be that of progress and of justice.

May the spirit of George Washington watch over us and light us upon the way!

JAPAN'S TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON*

This speech was delivered at the tomb of Washington by Viscount Ishii, leader of the Japanese War Mission, on August 26, 1917.

In the name of my gracious sovereign, the Emperor of Japan, and representing all the liberty-loving people who own his sway, I stand to-day in this sacred presence, not to eulogize the name of Washington, for that were presumption, but to offer the simple tribute of a people's reverence and love.

Washington was an American; but America, great as she is, powerful as she is, certain as she is of her splendid destiny, can lay no exclusive claim to this immortal name. Washington is now a citizen of the world; to-day he belongs to all mankind. And so men come here from the ends of the earth to honor his memory and to reiterate their faith in the principles to which his great life was devoted.

Japan claims entrance to this holy circle. She yields to none in reverence and respect; nor is there any gulf too deep and wide for the hearts and the understandings of her people to cross.

It is fitting then that men who love liberty and justice better than they love life, that men who

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know what honor is, should seek this shrine and here, in the presence of these sacred ashes, rededicate themselves to the service of humanity.

It is a fitting place, at this time, when all the world is filled with turmoil and suffering, for comrades in a holy cause to gather here and renew their fealty to a righteous purpose, firm in the determination that the struggle must go on until the world is free from menace and aggression.

Japan is proud to place herself beside her noble allies in this high resolve, and here, in the presence of these deathless ashes, she reaffirms her devotion to the cause and the principle for which they wage battle, fully determined to do her whole part in securing for the world the blessings of liberty, justice, and lasting peace.

As the representative of my people, then, I place this wreath upon the tomb of Washington with reverent hands; and in so doing, it is my proud privilege again to pledge my country to those principles of right and justice which have given immortality to the name of Washington.

COMMON SOLDIERS IN THE COMMON FIGHT

The following is an extract from the address delivered by Bishop Brent, an American, in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, April 20, 1917. The occasion was a solemn service celebrating the entry of the United States of America into the great war for freedom.

America has found her soul. America, which has stood for democracy, the cause of the plain man, must fight for that cause at all costs.

Democracy means peace, and that is what America, with the Allies, is fighting for. Democracy places ballots before bullets. We are at war to-day that we may destroy war, and, please God, we will achieve our purpose. That is the duty of democracy.

We Americans have never been oblivious to the fact that the people of this country have been standing for the same principles which we love and for which we live. England, thank God, is the mother of democracy, and England's children come back to-day to pour all their experience, the experience of a century and a half of independent life, with gratitude at the feet of their mother. To-day we stand side by side with our fellows as common soldiers in the common fight.

The great democracies of each country in the

world will never again be able to work out their problems in isolation. They are so interlocked that they can never be separated. Democracy can not lose sight of the fact that the supreme unit of the human race is mankind and a nation has no right to depreciate another nation in order to exalt its own self.

We, comrades in a common cause, come together, like sturdy Judas Maccabæus and his fellow-patriots in the ancient story, to commit our decision to the Lord and to place ourselves in His hands before we pitch our camp and go forth to battle. It were an unworthy cause that we could not commit to God with complete confidence. To-day we have this confidence.

To-day when the United States avow their intention of giving themselves whole-heartedly to this great cause, the battle for the right assumes new proportions, a new power and victory, aye, a victory that is God's is in sight.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA

This is a memorable day to Englishmen as well as to Americans. It is to us a day both of regret and of rejoicing: of regret at the severance of the political connection which bound the two branches of our race together, and of regret

even more for the unhappy errors which brought that severance about, and the unhappy strife by which the memory of it was embittered. But it is also a day of rejoicing, for it is the birthday of the eldest daughter of England—the day when a new nation, sprung from our own, first took its independent place in the world. And now with the progress of time, rejoicing has prevailed over regret, and we in England can at length join heartily with you in celebrating the beginning of your national life. All sense of bitterness has passed away, and been replaced by sympathy with all which this anniversary means to an American heart.

England and America now understand one another far better than they ever did before. In 1776 there was on one side a monarch and a small ruling caste, on the other side a people. Now our government can no longer misrepresent the nation, and across the ocean a people speaks to a people. We have both come, and that most notably within recent months, to perceive that all over the world the interests of America and of England are substantially the same.

The sense of our underlying unity over against the other races and forms of civilization has been a potent force in drawing us together. It is said that the Fourth of July is a day of happy

augury for mankind. This is true because on that day America entered on a course and proclaimed principles of government which have been of profound significance for mankind. Many nations have had a career of conquest and of civilizing dominion: but to make an immense people prosperous, happy, and free is a nobler and grander achievement than the most brilliant conquests and the widest dominion.

JAMES BRYCE.

ON AN AMERICAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE SLAIN IN FRANCE*

You, who sought the great adventure
That the blind fates hold in store,
Have beyond our mortal censure
Passed forever, evermore;
Passed beyond all joy or sighing,
Blush of eve or flush of dawn,
Who beneath the sod are lying
In the forest of Argonne.

What it was that lured and led you
Who shall venture, who shall say?
From the valley of the dead you
Speak not, question as we may;

*Reprinted from "Ballads, Patriotic and Romantic," by permission of the author.

Yet somehow our thoughts have flowed to
The remembrance of the debt
That our land has so long owed to
Rochambeau and Lafayette.

You, bereft of earthly raiment,
Brave as they and theirs were brave,
Have made sacrificial payment
For whate'er their valor gave.
As they came, with aid unsparing,
When both fears and foes were rife,
So you went with dreams of daring
And the offering of your life.

We, who cling to freedom, hail you,
Son of never-vanquished sires,
Knowing courage did not fail you
When you faced the battle fires;
Knowing that no vaunt of Vandal
Daunted your determined aim,
Though your breath failed as a candle
'Neath a flash of morning flame.

All the brown Atlantic beaches
From far Fundy to the Keys,
All the billowy prairie reaches
Sweeping westward toward the seas,

Mount Katahdin and Mount Rainier,
  Lake and river great of girth,
Greet your spirit, bold disdainer
  Of the tyrannies of earth!

Thrones shall crumble, kings shall perish,
  Howsoe'er their legions strive,
But the liberties men cherish,
  They shall triumph and survive.
You, blithe wraith, shall be beholder
  Of the flowering of that dawn,
Though your pulseless clay may moulder
  In the forest of Argonne!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SERVICE OF THE NATION

THE REVEILLE*

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armèd men the hum;
LO! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick-alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick-alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?"
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

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"But when won the coming battle,
What if profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the
Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
Better there in death united, than in life a re-
creant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum
Lo! was dumb!
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing,
answered, "Lord, we come!"

BRET HARTE.

MAKERS OF THE FLAG*

This morning, as I passed into the Land Office, The Flag dropped me a most cordial salutation, and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker."

"I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said, "aren't you mistaken? I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor even a general in the army. I am only a government clerk."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," replied the gay voice, "I know you well. You are the man who worked in the swelter of yesterday straightening out the tangle of that farmer's homestead in Idaho, or perhaps you found the mistake in that Indian contract in Oklahoma, or helped to clear that patent for the hopeful inventor in New York, or pushed the opening of that new ditch in Colorado, or made that mine in Illinois more safe, or brought relief to the old soldier in Wyoming. No matter; whichever one of these beneficent individuals you may happen to be, I give you greeting, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on, when The Flag stopped me with these words:

*Reprinted by permission from "The American Spirit," by Franklin K. Lane; copyright, 1918, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

"Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happier the future of ten million peons in Mexico; but that act looms no larger on the flag than the struggle which the boy in Georgia is making to win the Corn Club prize this summer.

"Yesterday the Congress spoke a word which will open the door of Alaska; but a mother in Michigan worked from sunrise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She, too, is making the flag.

"Yesterday we made a new law to prevent financial panics, and yesterday, maybe, a school teacher in Ohio taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to the millions of our race. We are all making the flag."

"But," I said impatiently, "these people were only working!"

Then came a great shout from The Flag: "The work that we do is the making of the flag. I am not the flag; not at all. I am but its shadow.

"I am whatever you make me, nothing more.

"I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a People may become.

"I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men

do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly. Sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garish, and full of that ego that blasts judgment.

"But always, I am all that you hope to be, and have the courage to try for.

"I am song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope.

"I am the day's work of the weakest man, and the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and the statute makers, soldier and dreadnaught, drayman and street sweep, cook, counselor, and clerk.

"I am the battle of yesterday, and the mistake of to-morrow.

"I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why.

"I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution.

"I am no more than what you believe me to be and I am all that you believe I can be.

"I am what you make me, nothing more.

"I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dream and your

labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the flag and it is well that you glory in the making."

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS*

WHEREVER war, with its red woes
Or flood, or fire, or famine goes,
  There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
  Thither I fly.

I kneel behind the soldier's trench,
I walk 'mid shambles' smear and stench,
  The dead I mourn;
I bear the stretcher and I bend
O'er Fritz and Pierre and Jack to mend
  What shells have torn.

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care

*Reprinted by permission of the author.

And love can live,
Wherever strength and skill can bring
Surcease to human suffering,
Or solace give.

I helped upon Haldora's shore;
With Hospitaller Knights I bore
The first red cross;
I was the Lady of the Lamp;
I saw in Solferino's camp
The crimson loss.

I am your pennies and your pounds;
I am your bodies on their rounds
Of pain afar;
I am you, doing what you would
If you were only where you could—
Your avatar.

The cross which on my arm I wear,
The flag which o'er my breast I bear,
Is but the sign
Of what you'd sacrifice for him
Who suffers on the hellish rim
Of war's red line.

JOHN H. FINLEY.

The Red Cross Spirit, from a War Poster

AMERICANISM

AMERICANISM is the best expression of democracy. And what is democracy? It is of course a form of government, of the people, conducted by the people for the good of the people. That is the way Abraham Lincoln thought of it. This government depends on the consent of the people who are to be governed and its only reason for existence is to guarantee to the people their right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." That is what Thomas Jefferson said of it. Under a democracy everyone has a chance to make the most of his opportunities, to educate himself, to learn any trade, to fit himself for any profession, to acquire property, to serve as an official in village, city, state, or nation.

But democracy is even more than this. It is a belief in liberty and freedom before it is a form of government. Democracy is the very spirit of liberty and equality of opportunity. It is a feeling of respect and honor for the worth of every man and woman, no matter what his race, or color, or religion, or earlier condition of life, rich or poor. A man or woman is what he can make of himself. Democracy is therefore freedom expressed in the lives of the people as they live together, whether at work or at play. A

statement of all the duties such freedom requires of each citizen in our democracy is a list of privileges which this freedom gives each citizen. Together, these duties and privileges are the rock bottom of our democracy.

What then is Americanism? Loyalty to each duty required by democracy; self-control in the enjoyment of each privilege enjoyed under democracy. Americanism is a code of behavior. It is a ritual of the liberty we love. Boys and girls between ten and twenty should learn the ritual that they may be initiated into the mystery of citizenship at twenty-one. The ritual is simple. It is found in the Declaration of Independence, in Lincoln's Addresses, in the Bible, in the best practice of citizenship in America, for over a hundred and forty-two years.

The Ritual of Americanism

We Maintain:

That each citizen should love his neighbor as himself.

That he shall "Live pure; speak true; right wrong."

That all men are born free and equal.

That they are endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

That government derives its just powers from the consent of the people governed.

That taxation without representation is tyranny.

That the people should select their own rulers.

That the "divine right of kings to rule" is false and foolish.

That the rights of the people should be protected by law.

That freedom means fair play and an equal chance for all.

That the caste of birth, wealth, and office is an evil thing.

That distinction and discrimination because of race, color, and previous condition of servitude is an evil thing.

That no person is entitled to special privilege.

That education is free to all, to the extent of their mental ability.

That the public press and public speech are free to speak truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth.

That all honest labor is honorable; all willful idleness dishonorable.

That government seeks the welfare of every citizen.

That public office is a public trust.

That each must serve all in a free people.

That public honor can come alone from public service.

That the nation's honor must be protected at the cost of individual property and life itself.

The true American understands this ritual and pledges his loyalty to each item. Our great men have been judged by their faithfulness to these principles. Lincoln was the truest American because his life was lived in full accord with this ritual of Americanism. He glorified freedom, despised special privilege, vigorously denied the pomp of wealth and of office and of birth. He loved the common man for his real worth. Lincoln was the friend of all mankind, the just ruler, the dutiful citizen.

The American soldiers and sailors showed the completest Americanism in fighting for the principles of world democracy. They gave up all their own comfort and advantage, to risk their lives for the honor of their common country. They are ready to die that freedom may continue, not only in America but everywhere in the world. Their bravery, their unselfishness, their readiness to endure hardship and face death, their kindness to the weak and oppressed, their protection of women, their devotion to the flag,

America the Beautiful: Bear Lake in Colorado

all these are the substance of Americanism. All honor to this soldier of duty, the soldier of democracy, the American soldier.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL*

O BEAUTIFUL for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!

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America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY*

PHILIP NOLAN was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the Devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him,

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walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year barrack life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him, because he lost the fun which they found in shooting or rowing while he was working away on these grand letters to his grand friend. They could not understand why Nolan kept by himself while they were playing high-low jack. Poker was not yet invented. But before long the young fellow had his revenge. For this time His Excellency, the Honorable Aaron Burr, appeared again under a very different aspect. There were rumors that he had an army behind him, and everybody supposed that he had an empire before him. At that time the youngsters all envied him. Burr had not been talking twenty minutes with the commander before he asked him to send for Lieutenant Nolan. Then, after a little talk, he asked Nolan if he could show him something of the great river and the plans for the new post. He asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff, to

show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over Nolan was enlisted, body and soul. From that time, although he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than Puget Sound is to-day, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of courts-martial on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with any one who would follow him had the order been signed, "By command of his Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightfully for all I know. Nolan

was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he had always been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy:

"Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since

he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the Court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say:

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed.

Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added:

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

* * * * * * *

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:—

"Washington [with a date which must have been late in 1807]

"Sir:—You will receive from Lieutenant Neale

the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

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The "Constitution," Old Ironsides, an American Man-of-War of More Than a Hundred Years Ago

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention.

"Respectfully yours,
W. SOUTHARD, for the
Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it were he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it to-day as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospect of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men unless an officer was by. With officers he

had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites: I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons" because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As

we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's Message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterward I had enough and more than

enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out "The Tempest" from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be, one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took

the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming:

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said"—

It seems impossible to us that anybody ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically—

"This is my own, my native land!"

Then they all saw that something was to pay: but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well"—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on—

> "For him no minstrel raptures swell;
> High though his titles, proud his name,
> Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
> Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
> The wretch, concentered all in self"—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And, by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterward, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been

suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons —but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk, and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to

him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any *contretemps*. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loth, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say in true negro state, "'The Old Thirteen', gentlemen and ladies!" as he had said "'Virginny Reel', if you please!" and "'Money-Musk', if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff and say:

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Fellows, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said:

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Fellows, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after:

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were

the man who never wanted to hear of home again!"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again. I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and, indeed, I am not trying to.

These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line.

A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun crew. Now you may say what you choose about

courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt-sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and, just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot—making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said:

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree; the commodore said:

"I see you do, and I thank you, sir; and I shall

never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said:

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, he said:

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you to-day; you are one of us to-day; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterward on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the old Essex Porter, not this Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterward. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows.

He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for any one to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he used to read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science, one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrapbooks.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my di-

version." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they can get away from you when you strike them—why, Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy the idiot did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have said that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the English war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a

sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the Book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about the "man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was send-

ing forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience' sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all around the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice,

and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understood that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of the fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas,*"

and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says: 'Not Palmas.' He says: 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home and that he had never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony and Vaughan's almost equal agony of

sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and, getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the stern sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in His mercy to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that

flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and Government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her to-day!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say, "Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night to walk the deck with me when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him

my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him in St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So poor Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. I know but one fate more dreadful; it is the fate reserved for those men who shall have one day to exile themselves from their country because they have attempted her ruin, and shall have at the same time to see the prosperity and honor to which she rises when she has rid herself of them and their iniquities. The wish of poor Nolan, as we all learned to call him, not because his punishment was too great, but because his repentance was so clear, was precisely the wish of every Bragg and Beauregard who broke a soldier's oath two years ago, and of every Maury and Barron who broke a sailor's. I do not know how often they have repented. I do know that they have done all that in them lay that they might have no country—that all the honors, associations, memories, and hopes which belong to "country" might be broken up into little shreds and distributed to the winds. I know, too, that their punishment, as they vegetate through what is left of life to them in wretched Boulognes and Leicester Squares, where they are destined to upbraid each other till they die, will have all the agony of Nolan's, with the added pang that everyone who sees them will see them to despise and to execrate them. They will have their wish, like him.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that, when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when for a short time I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with an account of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own

when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his adventurous cousin, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously:

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a fit of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that

something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome."

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of to-day of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

The reader will understand Danforth's letter, or the beginning of it, if he will remember that after ten years of Nolan's exile everyone who had him in charge was in a very delicate position. The Government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means: "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

"*Levant*, 2° 2′ S. @ 131° W.

"DEAR FRED:—I try to find heart and life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan.

I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor has been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The Stars and Stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak, and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile: 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not

seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things: but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"'Oh, Danforth!' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—Stop! stop! do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away: I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me

something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his cousin died there; he had marked a gold cross

near where he supposed his grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon; that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far! —to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again; and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war —told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java;* asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think of about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky.

And do you think, he asked who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where is Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation, at Walnut Hills,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, of inventions, and books, and literature—of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that you ever heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked all of a sudden who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he had met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe

was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity; but I could not make up my mouth to tell him a word about this infernal rebellion!

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O

gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone." And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of the Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

"'They desire a country, even a heavenly:

wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

"'*In memory of*

"'PHILIP NOLAN,

"'*Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.*

"'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.'"

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE VIGIL*

LIKE some young squire who watched his armor bright,
Kneeling upon the chapel floor all night—
Where glimmering candles on the altar glowed,
And moonlight through the Gothic windows flowed—

*Reprinted by permission of the publishers, Charles Scribner's Sons.

And prayed, with folded hands, that God would
bless
His sword, and keep him pure, and give success—
So, kneeling, Lord, beneath Thine altar light,
The nation asks for help before the fight.

Grant us the prayer of that boy Knight of old—
Faith to be steadfast, courage to be bold,
Such passionate love toward the dear flag we fly
That each who serves it holds its honor high—
Simple, large gifts that soldiers need, O Lord,
Grant the young nation for its unsheathed sword.

And for our captains in the perilous way,
A vision widened to an unknown day.
We keep our vigil; send to-morrow glorious;
Let not God's will go down; bring right victorious.
Kneeling in prayer before Thine altar light,
The nation asks Thy help to fight Thy fight.

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER*

Alan Seeger was a young American just out of college when the World War began in August, 1914. He was a romantic young patriot, a lover of freedom everywhere. He enlisted in the French army, saw much service, and was killed in 1916. Though young, he had already written several short poems that will probably give him a place in English literature.

You must not be anxious about my not coming back. The chances are about ten to one that I will. But if I should not, you must be proud, like a Spartan mother, and feel that it is your contribution to the triumph of the cause whose righteousness you feel so keenly. Everybody should take a part in this struggle which is to have so decisive an effect, not only on the nations engaged but on all humanity. There should be no neutrals, but everyone should bear some part of the burden. If so large a part should fall to your share, you would be in so far superior to other women and should be correspondingly proud. There would be nothing to regret, for I could not have done otherwise than what I did, and I think I could not have done better. Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something even more

*From "Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger." Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.

wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier.

ALAN SEEGER.

ALL FOR COUNTRY*

LOVE thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues; be just, and fear not,
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

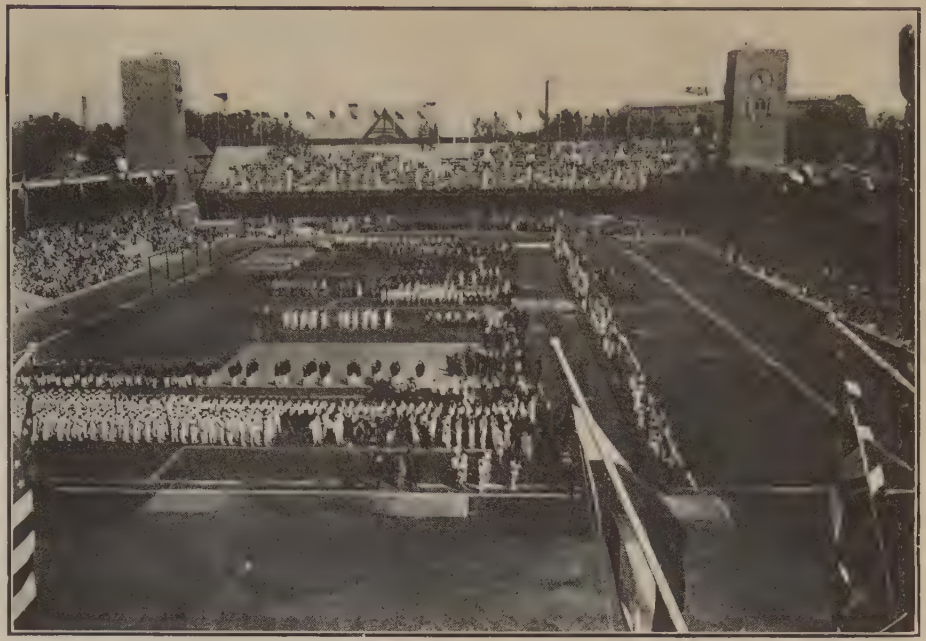
*From *King Henry VIII*, Act III, Scene 2.

SERVING OUR COUNTRY*

HERE, where we meet to honor the memory of those who drew the great prize of death in battle, a word in reference to the survivors; I think that one lesson everyone who was capable of learning anything learned from his experience in that war was the old, old lesson that we need to apply in peace quite as much as in war—the lesson that the man who does not care to do any

*This address was delivered at Arlington on Decoration Day, May 30, 1902.

act until the time for heroic action comes, does not do the heroic act when the time does come. You all of you remember, comrades, some man—it is barely possible some of you remember being the man—who, when you enlisted, had a theory that there was nothing but splendor and fighting and bloodshed in the war, and then had the experience of learning that the first thing you had to do was to perform commonplace duties and perform them well. The work of any man in the campaign depended upon the resolution and effective intelligence with which he started about doing each duty as it arose; not waiting until he could choose the duty that he thought sufficiently spectacular to do, but doing the duty that came to hand. That is exactly the lesson that all of us need to learn in times of peace. It is not merely a great thing, but an indispensable thing that the nation's citizens should be ready and willing to die for it in time of need; and the presence of no other quality could atone for the lack of such readiness to lay down life if the nation calls. But in addition to dying for the nation you must be willing and anxious to live for the nation, or the nation will be badly off. If you want to do your duty only when the time comes for you to die, the nation will be deprived of valuable services during your lives.



Opening the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912

I never see a gathering of this kind; I never see a gathering under the auspices of any of the societies which are organized to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the founders of this nation; I never see a gathering composed of the men who fought in the great Civil War or in any of the lesser contests in which this country has been engaged, without feeling the anxiety to make such a gathering feel, each in his or her heart, the all-importance of doing the ordinary, humdrum, commonplace duties of each day as those duties arise. A large part of the success on the day of battle is always due to the aggregate of the individual performance of duty during the long months that have preceded the day of battle. The way in which a nation arises to a great crisis is largely conditioned upon the way in which its citizens have habituated themselves to act in the ordinary affairs of the national life. You cannot expect that much will be done in the supreme hour of peril by soldiers who have not fitted themselves to meet the need when the need comes, and you cannot expect the highest type of citizenship in the periods when it is needed if that citizenship has not been trained by the faithful performance of ordinary duty. What we need most in this republic is not special genius, not unusual brilliancy, but the honest

and upright adherence on the part of the mass of the citizens and of their representatives to the fundamental laws of private and public morality —which are now what they have been during recorded history. We shall succeed or fail in making this republic what it should be made— I will go a little further than that—what it shall and must be made, accordingly as we do or do not seriously and resolutely set ourselves to do the tasks of citizenship—and good citizenship consists in doing the many small duties, private and public, which in the aggregate make it up.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIER*

A MONUMENT for the Soldiers!
  And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
  Outlasting the Soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
  As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
  To the outermost verge of it?

*From the "Lockerbie Book," by James Whitcomb Riley. Copyright, 1911. Used by special permission of the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure;
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips, and breast, and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
  Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
  With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
  In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
  It would commemorate!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

THE AMERICAN BOY*

OF COURSE what we have a right to expect of the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or a weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of American man of whom America can be really proud.

There are always in life countless tendencies for good and for evil, and each succeeding genera-

*From "The Strenuous Life," by Theodore Roosevelt. Reprinted by permission of The Century Co.

tion sees some of these tendencies strengthened and some weakened; nor is it by any means always, alas! that the tendencies for evil are weakened and those for good strengthened. But during the last few decades there certainly have been some notable changes for good in boy life. The great growth in the love of athletic sports, for instance, while fraught with danger if it becomes one-sided and unhealthy, has beyond all question had an excellent effect in increased manliness. Forty or fifty years ago the writer on American morals was sure to deplore the effeminacy and luxury of young Americans who were born of rich parents. The boy who was well off then, especially in the big Eastern cities, lived too luxuriously, took to billiards as his chief innocent recreation, and felt small shame in his inability to take part in rough pastimes and field-sports. Nowadays, whatever other faults the son of rich parents may tend to develop, he is at least forced by the opinion of all his associates of his own age to bear himself well in manly exercises and to develop his body—and therefore, to a certain extent, his character—in the rough sports which call for pluck, endurance, and physical address.

Of course boys who live under such fortunate conditions that they have to do either a good

deal of outdoor work or a good deal of what might be called natural outdoor play do not need this athletic development. In the Civil War the soldiers who came from the prairie and the backwoods and the rugged farms where stumps still dotted the clearings, and who had learned to ride in their infancy, to shoot as soon as they could handle a rifle, and to camp out whenever they got the chance, were better fitted for military work than any set of mere school or college athletes could possibly be. Moreover, to mis-estimate athletics is equally bad whether their importance is magnified or minimized. The Greeks were famous athletes, and as long as their athletic training had a normal place in their lives, it was a good thing. But it was a very bad thing when they kept up their athletic games while letting the stern qualities of soldiership and statesmanship sink into disuse. Some of the younger readers of this book will certainly sometime read the famous letters of the younger Pliny, a Roman who wrote, with what seems to us a curiously modern touch, in the first century of the present era. His correspondence with the Emperor Trajan is particularly interesting; and not the least noteworthy in it is the tone of contempt with which he speaks of the Greek athletic sports, treating them as the diversions of an

unwarlike people which it was safe to encourage in order to keep the Greeks from turning into anything formidable. So at one time the Persian kings had to forbid polo, because soldiers neglected their proper duties for the fascinations of the game. We cannot expect the best work from soldiers who have carried to an unhealthy extreme the sports and pastimes which would be healthy if indulged in with moderation, and have neglected to learn as they should the business of their profession. A soldier needs to know how to shoot and take cover and shift for himself—not to box or play foot-ball. There is, of course, always the risk of thus mistaking means for ends.

When a man so far confuses ends and means as to think that fox-hunting, or polo, or foot-ball, or whatever else the sport may be, is to be itself taken as the end, instead of as the mere means of preparation to do work that counts when the time arises, when the occasion calls—why, that man had better abandon sport altogether.

No boy can afford to neglect his work, and with a boy work, as a rule, means study. Of course there are occasionally brilliant successes in life where the man has been worthless as a student when a boy. To take these exceptions as examples would be as unsafe as it would be to

advocate blindness because some blind men have won undying honor by triumphing over their physical infirmity and accomplishing great results in the world. I am no advocate of senseless and excessive cramming in studies, but a boy should work, and should work hard, at his lessons—in the first place, for the sake of what he will learn, and in the next place, for the sake of the effect upon his own character of resolutely settling down to learn it. Shiftlessness, slackness, indifference in studying, are almost certain to mean inability to get on in other walks of life. Of course, as a boy grows older it is a good thing if he can shape his studies in the direction toward which he has a natural bent; but whether he can do this or not, he must put his whole heart into them. I do not believe in mischief-doing in school hours, or in the kind of animal spirits that results in making bad scholars; and I believe that those boys who take part in rough, hard play outside of school will not find any need for horse-play in school. While they study they should study just as hard as they play foot-ball in a match game. It is wise to obey the homely old adage, "Work while you work; play while you play."

A boy needs both physical and moral courage. Neither can take the place of the other. When

The Training of a Scout: For One Thing He Needs No Matches to Build a Fire

boys become men they will find out that there are some soldiers very brave in the field who have proved timid and worthless as politicians, and some politicians who show an entire readiness to take chances and assume responsibilities in civil affairs, but who lack the fighting edge when opposed to physical danger. In each case, with soldiers and politicians alike, there is but half a virtue. The possession of the courage of the soldier does not excuse the lack of courage in the statesman, and even less does the possession of the courage of the statesman excuse shrinking on the field of battle. Now this is all just as true of boys. A coward who will take a blow without returning it is a contemptible creature; but, after all, he is hardly as contemptible as the boy who dares not stand up for what he deems right against the sneers of his companions who are themselves wrong. Ridicule is one of the favorite weapons of wickedness, and it is sometimes incomprehensible how good and brave boys will be influenced for evil by the jeers of associates who have no one quality that calls for respect, but who affect to laugh at the very traits which ought to be peculiarly the cause for pride.

There is no need to be a prig. There is no need for a boy to preach about his own good con-

duct and virtue. If he does he will make himself offensive and ridiculous. But there is urgent need that he should practise decency; that he should be clean and straight, honest and truthful, gentle and tender, as well as brave. If he can once get to a proper understanding of things, he will have a far more hearty contempt for the boy who has begun a course of feeble dissipation, or who is untruthful, or mean, or cruel than this boy and his fellows can possibly, in return, feel for him. The very fact that the boy should be manly and able to hold his own; that he should be ashamed to submit to bullying without instant retaliation; should, in return, make him abhor any form of bullying, cruelty, or brutality.

The boy can best become a good man by being a good boy—not a goody-goody boy, but just a plain good boy. I do not mean that he must love only the negative virtues; I mean he must love the positive virtues also. "Good," in the largest sense, should include whatever is fine, straightforward, clean, brave, and manly. The best boys I know—the best men I know—are good at their studies or their business, fearless and stalwart, hated and feared by all that is wicked and depraved, incapable of submitting to wrong-doing, and equally incapable of being

aught but tender to the weak and helpless. A healthy-minded boy should feel hearty contempt for the coward, and even more hearty indignation for the boy who bullies girls or small boys, or tortures animals. One prime reason for abhorring cowards is because every good boy should have it in him to thrash the objectionable boy as the need arises.

Of course the effect that a thoroughly manly, thoroughly straight and upright boy can have upon the companions of his own age, and upon those who are younger, is incalculable. If he is not thoroughly manly, then they will not respect him, and his good qualities will count for but little; while, of course, if he is mean, cruel, or wicked, then his physical strength and force of mind merely make him so much the more objectionable a member of society. He cannot do good work if he is not strong and does not try with his whole heart and soul to count in any contest; and his strength will be a curse to himself and to everyone else if he does not have thorough command over himself and over his own evil passions, and if he does not use his strength on the side of decency, justice, and fair dealing.

In short, in life, as in a foot-ball game, the principle to follow is:

Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

THE UNCONQUERABLE SOUL*

This address seems especially impressive when we recall that it was delivered at the Commencement Exercises of Gallaudet College for the Deaf and Dumb.

THE bravest sight in all this world is a man fighting against odds.

The swimmer with his head up stream, the climber facing the storm, the soldier with his back to the wall.

The rich young man putting away the easy cup of pleasure which drugs into uselessness.

Abraham Lincoln, the tired plow boy, making the cabin fire light his path to knowledge. Helen Keller, fighting her way up out of the lonesome darkness, slowly rising, step by step, on the golden-runged ladder of imagination out of a voiceless, nameless, colorless, formless, thoughtless, hideous world into one of friendship, purpose, and beauty. These are heroes.

We envy the gifted—the swift runner, the sweet singer, the burdenless—we call them the

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chosen of the gods. But our hearts go out to those who are not started at the scratch, the ones who have a handicap, who know it, and in whom rebellious bitterness is transformed into resolution. Their triumph makes us all proud.

And that is why we are here to-day. To rejoice with you. You have triumphed and we wish a share in that triumph. Nature in one of her mysterious moods placed her hands upon your ears, and in so doing dared you to presume to play life's game as men and women. You took up that challenge. And now you have come home, not seeking honors, spurning sympathy, to lay the tribute of your affectionate appreciation at the feet of those who pointed out the way by which you foiled mischievous nature. Whatever your modesty we may be permitted in our pride to say: "You have made good." And those words are American for the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and the Victoria Cross.

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,
And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—

That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing!"— he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Those lines are by E. R. Sill, who also wrote those exquisite lines: "The Fool's Prayer" with which you are perhaps familiar—if not, you should be. The title given by Mr. Sill to his lines is "Opportunity," but that generalization does not fix the idea which it conveys to me; a more appropriate title would be: "Thoroughbred," for to the king's son that broken sword was a challenge. You, teachers and preachers, engineers and artists, mechanics and architects, who have by force of character linked yourselves to the world and refused to despair while there was so much as a broken sword to your hand, are the ones to whom that poem in its thought is dedicated.

In Paris, on the boulevard which faces the tomb of Napoleon, there is a statue of Pasteur. The seated figure of the scientist crowns a marble column. On the sides of this column are

four bas-reliefs: one a girl plucking grapes, another a boy tending sheep, the third a man driving oxen—all testifying to the debt the world owes to this quiet student for the driving out of diseases which threatened the life of the grape, the sheep, and the cattle. On the front of the column is a group which should make the name of Falguière immortal. Half risen from her couch, with haggard face, an invalid girl is leaning against her mother who is looking up into the eyes of Pasteur with supreme gratitude, while shrinking away from these two, with back toward them and turning the corner of the pedestal, is the defeated figure of Death.

The man does not live—or if he does I do not wish to know him—who can stand in the presence of those two monuments and not say in his heart: "I had rather be that simple, patient man of science than the conqueror of Europe." And yet I believe Napoleon was almost as necessary to the world as he believed himself to be—a pitiless upturner of old things, who plowed the soil of nations for the upspringing of a new and stronger crop.

Pasteur, however, typifies the spirit of our new day—wherein man's mind triumphs over resisting, unwilling, terrorizing nature. Man has been dominated by his fears. His battles

and preachings and his politics have been based upon the dread of something worse that might befall him. But ours is a day of gladness, because it is the day of hope. We have shifted the fight. Instead of creating fear we are destroying fears. Instead of adding to the burdens of those afflicted, we are lifting those burdens. Instead of rejecting those whom Nature has handicapped as unfit, we are rejoicing together that none is unfit who has a stout heart.

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

THE FIRST AIR VOYAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

THE *NC-4* was our *Santa Maria*. We were not looking for a new land as were those who sailed the *Santa Maria*, nor were we looking for a Cathay or the Ind. Yet our course was over uncharted space and our hopes were at high tension because of uncertainty and that ever-present danger that makes all new adventures so fascinating. We hopped off with our sister ships on May 16th, every member of the crew ready to do his utmost to make the voyage a success, to bring honor to our own boat if possible, and to place America in the lead in transatlantic air navigation.

The NC-4 Leaving Trepassy for the Azores

It was a long flight to Ponta Delgada, our first landing-place. The night flight was especially trying, and you may readily believe we were glad for the welcome signals and messages from our guardian ships which stretched hands across the sea far below. It was long and it was dull. There was not much variety of scenery and we landed at Ponta Delgada with a feeling of relief as well as a sense of achievement.

Then we hopped off for Portugal. The destroyers were left behind, 1, then 2, and we looked for Number 3. It was missing. The thought came to me that in case we saw no more destroyers at all, the coast of Portugal stretched a long way to the north of Lisbon; and to the south, if we missed Portugal, there was Africa which, with our gasolene supply, we should be able to reach. So, if the motors held out we ought to be able to make some port.

Here the radio compass showed its usefulness. A bearing taken on destroyer Number 4 indicated her to be 20 degrees off our port bow. Some minutes later another bearing indicated her as 45 degrees off the port bow. So we changed our course more to the left or toward the north and it was not long before Number 4 was sighted off our port bow. It was a great

relief to be back on our line once more. Strange as it may seem, the rest of the crew had been too busy to miss Number 3. I found that our compass had been jarred out of its position an amount equal to the original error in our course.

We now ran toward a rain squall straight ahead so we headed 40 degrees to the left for about eight minutes in order to pass around it. But we got back on the line in time to pick up the next destroyer exactly where it was supposed to be. Later, we passed over Number 7, our old friend, the *Robinson*, which we had already passed three times—this making the fourth time the *NC-4* passed over her on the trans-atlantic flight. Here over the *Robinson* there were two rain squalls, one off the starboard and one off the port bow, but we passed between them without having to change our course.

The visibility became very poor, and our altitude, which had been about one thousand feet, was reduced to six hundred feet. Up to this time the speed made had been about 88 knots, thanks to the wind, and the air had been comparatively free from bumps.

As we continued eastward the wind gradually dropped, the whitecaps disappeared, and no disturbance of the water could be seen except the long ground swell. Smooth water is much to be

preferred to a strong, even if favoring, wind, because the ever-present possibility of having to land keeps a flyer more or less at a tension. In other words, it is more confortable to fly over water on which you know an easy landing can be made than to fly over water so rough that there will be a probability of breaking something in case of a forced landing, and a certainty of not being able to rise again.

At last destroyer 14, the last in the line, was passed, and a few minutes later we picked up the rocky coast of Portugal. Everything about the seaplane was working perfectly. Our speed had slowed down, but 88 knots was too much to expect for the entire run. During the latter part, in order to make up for the falling wind, we speeded up the engines from 59 knots, air speed, to 65 knots. We preferred not to reach Lisbon after dark although the pilots were perfectly ready and felt confident of landing without mishap.

From questions asked after the completion of the flight it would appear that most people are under the impression that the entire flight was one "grand thrill" from start to finish. As a matter of fact, a good deal of it was really monotonous as has been stated before. Perhaps the biggest thrill of the whole trip was ex-

perienced as we passed over the beach line of Portugal and realized that no matter what happened—even if we crashed on landing—the transatlantic flight, the first one in the history of the world, was an accomplished fact.

During this run we had become so accustomed to traveling long distances through the air that I drew up my report to the Navy Department before landing, and the engineer shaved in readiness for the reception which we heard was going to be held on the *Rochester*, flagship of the destroyer force. On the strength of this the company manufacturing the particular brand of razor used for the operation sent me a razor later on as a gift.

At 7:50 we were nearing the entrance of the Tagus, still carrying a slight westerly wind. Then a few minutes later we circled and landed astern of the *Shawmut* at 8:01. The time elapsed during the flight from Ponta Delgada was nine hours and forty-three minutes. Our average speed had been about 80 knots.

A scene greeted us similar to that at Ponta Delgada except on a much larger scale. In addition the men-of-war anchored off the city gave us a 21-gun salute, a salute ordinarily rendered only to the President or to the flag of a foreign country.

Immediately after securing the seaplane we were taken on board the *Rochester* and with great ceremony were decorated by the Portuguese Government. The personnel of the *NC-4* were a little tired but otherwise in fine shape. In fact, some of us decided to go ashore and see the town, as it might be our last chance. The *NC-4* was in its usual tip-top condition ready for another all-day run.

The Portuguese were very enthusiastic about the flight, and desired to do a good deal in the way of entertaining, but it was necessary to push on to Plymouth. When we left, on the morning of the 30th of May, it was necessary to cancel several official engagements that had been made for that day.

ALBERT C. READ.

THE MESSAGE TO GARCIA*

WHEN war broke out between Spain and the United States, it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The

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President must secure his coöperation, and quickly. What to do! Someone said to the President: "There is a fellow by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and was given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire to tell in detail. The point that I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask: "Where is he at?"

There is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebræ which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia."

General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias. No man who has endeavored to carry

out an enterprise where many hands were needed but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook or crook or threat he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say: "Yes, sir," and go do the task? On your life he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?
Which encyclopedia?
Where is the encyclopedia?
Was I hired for that?
Don't you mean Bismarck?
What's the matter with Charlie doing it?
Is he dead?
Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the Law of Average I will not.

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile very sweetly and say: "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness cheerfully to catch hold and lift—these are the things that put pure Socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all? A first mate with knotted club seems necessary; and the dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place.

Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to.

The NC-4 Safe at Horta in the Azores

Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper?" said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him up town on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and, on the other hand, might stop at four saloons on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for."

Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is continually sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues: only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to any one else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress, him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be: "Take it yourself!"

To-night this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dares employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent. He is impervious to reason, and the only thing that can impress him is the toe of a thick-soled Number Nine boot.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by

the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner-pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, *per se*, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such

individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such: he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry *a message to Garcia.*

ELBERT HUBBARD.

A LETTER TO THE BOYS OF AMERICA*

DEAR LADS:

These are great times for American boys. American! The word brings your shoulders back, head up, chin out, and starts a thumping under your ribs.

You are not yet of military age. Perhaps you wish you were older. How proud and happy you would be to shoulder a gun and go marching away, following the flag to France!

You do not need to be reminded that the life of a soldier to-day is not what you thought it would be only three years ago. Then you were only one of the kiddies "playing soldiers." Now

*Reprinted from *The St. Nicholas Magazine*, October, 1917, by permission of The Century Company.

that you are twelve, or fourteen, or sixteen, you know more about what soldiering really is.

You are taking your small part. Your Boy Scout drills and hikes have taken on a new meaning to you. You have been soldiers, perhaps, in the garden army. In one way or another you are contributing your helpful mite, but you chafe because there is so little for you to do; the boy's share is so small, so insignificant.

Boys, your part is not a small one! It is vitally important. The service you can render now in preparing for the service you will surely be called upon to render in a few years is precious to the nation.

Wars do not end when the fighting stops. The effect of this incalculable destruction of lives and property will weigh heavily upon the world long after the peace treaties are signed. Where men have destroyed, other men must rebuild. The whole world is hurt; the whole world must be healed. All the nations pay for the madness of one.

War-torn France must be restored. Shell-scarred fields must be made fertile again. Towns must be rebuilt. Commerce must be reorganized, and on the eastern front there is work for many hands—where the count of hands fit for

the work will be pitifully small. Nor is the task of reconstruction to be measured only by the physical toil of men's hands. Institutions of political life have been wrecked. Where autocracy and bureaucracy, all forms of selfishness in government, have been overthrown, new forms of free government—"government of the people, by the people, for the people"—must be established. Free America must help to teach the world—teach by example.

Free America can take and hold that proud position only if the sum of her citizenship is sound and wise, and it can be so only if each citizen contributes soundness and wisdom. Their opposites—selfishness, indifference, discontent, unreadiness to give up one's own ease and comfort in the interest of the general health and prosperity—may also develop, and in that day, you, the boys of this day, are to be the responsible voting citizens!

Therefore it behooves you now to prepare! There is no vagueness about your present duty. America will need, more than ever, men of trained minds. Therefore you must study! Not for marks, not just to "keep up with the class"—but to learn, to lay the foundations of useful knowledge.

America will need men who know the past;

who know why governments prosper and do good or fail or fall; men who can use their votes so as to give America the best possible governors. To become such men you must study history; not names and dates only, but the "reasons" of history.

America will need men who can make just laws; men who can preach from the pulpit; men who can speak from the platform or in the halls of Legislature and Congress with such power and clearness as to make good counsel prevail; men who can write articles and books that will counteract folly and error and will spread truth and wisdom. To be such men who can build roads and bridges, factories and colleges; men who can run railroads and industries; men who know the nature of soils and how to make them bear the best crops. To do these mighty works, men must be masters of science. To master science you must conquer mathematics—arithmetic, algebra, geometry. They are not dull exercises, they are the seeds of achievement. You boys are planting them—or are not planting them!—to-day.

America will need strong, healthy men; and sound bodies are the natural resting-places of sound minds. Therefore your games and sports are honest means of preparation for the future.

Do not play to win. Play to learn self-control, generosity in victory, manliness in defeat.

America will need every last part of her rich resources. The nickel you spend for some little indulgence is only a nickel, but it is one of the nickels that, assembled, make power. Therefore now is the time to learn, and to practise, intelligent thrift.

These are small services, but they are real services. You fellows, each doing his bit, however insignificant it seems, are all together a mighty power. Just what you make of to-day, America will make of to-morrow. To-day, more than ever before, the commonplaces of good counsel, the homely philosophy of the old proverbs of the people, have a meaning that bites into the mind and turns ideas into actions.

So just think over these few plain but definite suggestions, and God bless you all, and, through you, America.

EDWARD N. TEALL.

THE RULES OF THE GAME*

BOYS and girls who are good Americans try to become strong and useful, that our country

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may become ever greater and better. Therefore they obey the laws of right living which the best Americans have always obeyed.

The Law of Duty

The Good American Does His Duty.

The shirker or the willing idler lives upon the labor of others, burdens others with the work which he ought to do himself. He harms his fellow-citizens, and so harms his country.

I will try to find out what my duty is, *what I ought to do*, and my duty I will do whether it is easy or hard. What I ought to do I can do.

The Law of Team-Work

The Good American Works in Friendly Coöpertion with His Fellow-Workers.

One man alone could not build a city or a great railroad. One man alone would find it hard to build a house or a bridge. That I may have bread, men have sowed and reaped, men have made plows and threshers, men have built mills and mined coal, men have made stoves and kept stores. As we learn better how to work together, the welfare of our country is advanced.

1. In whatever work I do with others, I will do my part and will help others do their part.

2. I will keep in order the things which I use in my work. When things are out of place, they are often in the way, and sometimes they are hard to find. Disorder means confusion, and the waste of time and patience.

3. In all my work with others, I will be cheerful. Cheerlessness depresses all the workers and injures all the work.

4. When I have received money for my work, I will be neither a miser nor a spendthrift. I will save or spend as one of the friendly workers of America.

The Law of Kindness

The Good American Is Kind.

In America those who are of different races, colors, and conditions must live together. We are of many different sorts, but we are one great people. Every unkindness hurts the common life, every kindness helps the common life. Therefore:

1. I will be kind in all my *thoughts*. I will bear no spites or grudges. I will not think myself above any other girl or boy just because I am of a different race or color or condition. I will never despise anybody.

2. I will be kind in all my *speech.* I will not gossip nor will I speak unkindly of any one. Words may wound or heal.

3. I will be kind in all my *acts.* I will not selfishly insist on having my own way. I will always be polite. Rude people are not good Americans. I will not trouble unnecessarily those who do work for me. I will do my best to prevent cruelty, and will give my best help to those who need it most.

The Law of Loyalty

The Good American is Loyal.

If our America is to become ever greater and better, her citizens must be loyal, devotedly faithful in every relation of life.

1. I will be loyal to my family. In loyalty I will gladly obey my parents or those who are in their place. I will do my best to help each member of my family to strength and usefulness.

2. I will be loyal to my school. In loyalty I will obey and help other pupils to obey those rules which further the good of all.

3. I will be loyal to my town, my state, my country. In loyalty I will respect and help others to respect their laws and their courts of justice.

4. I will be loyal to humanity. In loyalty

I will do my best to help the friendly relations of our country with every other country, and to give to everyone in every land the best possible chance.

If I try simply to be loyal to my family, I may be disloyal to my school. If I try simply to be loyal to my school, I may be disloyal to my town, my state, and my country. If I try simply to be loyal to my town, state, and country, I may be disloyal to humanity. I will try above all things else to be loyal to humanity; then I shall surely be loyal to my country, my state, and my town, to my school and to my family.

And he who obeys the law of loyalty obeys all of the other nine laws of The Good American.*

WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS.

*The other laws from the same *Code* will be found in "The Spirit of America," Books Two and Three.

AMERICA

AMERICA is more than its beauteous land, more than its products of fields and forests and waters and mines, more than its greatest individual souls, and more than these all together. Above these there arises a spirit, *America*, for America is

a political idea, a moral purpose, a prayer for a better world.

Varied definition has been given this America, the spirit of that strip of the continent which has taken the name with which the entire continent was christened. It has assumed to represent the ideals of the New World, an assumption which obliges its people to be careful not to demean the name "America," a name that really belongs alike to people of the United States and to Canadians, Mexicans, Brazilians, Argentinians, and Pategonians.

How varied the conception of America is, a few illustrative definitions will suggest: "a spirit that hopes grandly for the race"; a "striving for liberty, justice, and truth"; a "land of unlimited opportunity," or, as Emerson defined it, simply "opportunity" whose "entrance doors open to all comers but whose inner doors are also kept open so that a man may pass from room to room so long as he has strength to open the doors"; the "free commonwealth that comes nearest to the illustration of the national equality of all men"; "God's crucible"; a "place to keep alive faith in humanity"; "the only nation in the world that has been built consciously and freely on pure ideals and pure thoughts"; the "concrete expression of that dream of freedom to

work that slumbers in every man's soul"; a "country with a part to play in the redemption of humanity and the better organization of the world"; a country in which the "ideal passions of patriotism, of liberty, of loyalty to home and nation, of humanitarianism and missionary effort have all burned with a clear flame"; the "spirit of a great people in the search for more abundant life."

And between these points of view lies dimly and perhaps not clearly defined the "America" that lives in the millions who live in the land that we call America. As President Cleveland once said in an address on "The Land We Live In" (an address which he was not able to deliver, but which he read to me), "we need have no fear for the continued healthfulness of the land we live in so long as we are dutifully careful of the land that lives in us."

"The America that lives in us" is the America, after all, that is our utmost concern, for it is that one-hundred-million-minded America which is to determine in large measure the part that the individuals are to have in world affairs.

This is a definition of America in the affection of one who has for a half century been studying her geography and "telling" her stars:

Freedom conscripted land
Whose wide-divided strand
Faces all seas!
Thy stars portend a fate
Wide as man's love or hate,
Where distant trenches wait
Thy victories!

Heav'n flies by night her stars;
Thine with dawn's crimson bars
Thou fliest by day;
Where dark breaks into light
They meet, on watch, and plight
Their star-leagued strength for right
To fight for aye.

The wings of morn are thine;
To depths of earth and brine
Thou wilt descend;
Then wilt thou mount to bind
Earth's Pleiad lands and find
A peace for all mankind
World without end.

Amen and yet amen
Again and yet again
    Our prayer we cry,
America for thee!
That thou may'st ever be
America earth-free
    We dare to die!

JOHN H. FINLEY.

THE END

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